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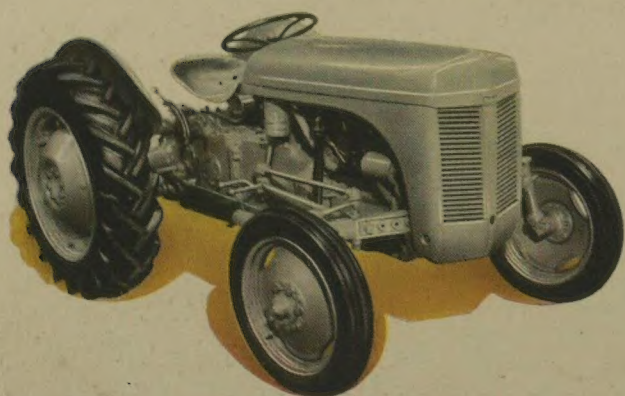
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CHANEL

HARDWICK HALL, DERBYSHIRE :

Seat of the DUKE of DEVONSHIRE



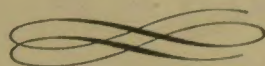
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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, APRIL 5, 1952.



AFTER STROKING OXFORD THROUGH A SNOWSTORM TO VICTORY IN THE FINEST BOAT RACE OF THE CENTURY: CHRISTOPHER DAVIDGE, COMING ASHORE AT MORTLAKE AND SHAKING THE CIRCULATION BACK INTO HIS FINGERS.

The University Boat Race of 1949 was the narrowest of victories for Cambridge, and was generally regarded as the finest race of the century. C. G. V. Davidge, of Eton and Trinity, was the Oxford stroke in his freshman year. In 1950, when Davidge was out of the boat with chicken-pox, Cambridge won by three-and-a-half lengths. In 1951, with Davidge back at stroke, the race was re-rowed after

Oxford had sunk, and Cambridge won easily. This year, with the race rowed in a snowstorm, Davidge had his long-awaited revenge, and stroked Oxford to victory by a canvas, in a race even finer, in many opinions, than that of 1949. To have stroked a University boat on two such great occasions and to have crowned the second occasion with victory must fall to few in the history of rowing.



THE START: OXFORD (NEAR CAMERA) ON THE SURREY SIDE, CAMBRIDGE IN THE SLIGHTLY SHELTERED MIDDLESEX STATION. WITH A BLIZZARD BLOWING, BOTH CREWS GOT AWAY WELL.



APPROACHING HAMMERSMITH BRIDGE. IN THE SHELTER OF THE MIDDLESEX SIDE, CAMBRIDGE GOT A SLIGHT LEAD, BUT BY THE BRIDGE OXFORD (RIGHT) HAD DRAWN LEVEL.

(ABOVE.) NEARING BARNES BRIDGE: AFTER A DING-DONG STRUGGLE UP CHISWICK REACH, IN WHICH OXFORD (RIGHT) HAD TRIED TO DRAW AHEAD, THE BOATS WERE STILL LEVEL AND ROWING STROKE FOR STROKE, CAMBRIDGE PERHAPS IN BETTER STYLE, BUT WITH DAVIDGE DRIVING OXFORD HARD.



PASSING MORTLAKE BREWERY WITH THE FINISH IN SIGHT: A PHOTOGRAPH AT RIGHT ANGLES TO THE COURSE WHICH SHOWS ACCURATELY THE RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE BOATS AND THEIR CLOSENESS TOGETHER. (OXFORD NEARER CAMERA.)

THE 102nd Oxford and Cambridge boat race was rowed over the Putney-Mortlake course on the afternoon of March 29, the coldest late March day since records began at Kew in 1871, and with snow falling continuously. Many sporting events throughout the country were cancelled or postponed, but early in the day it was announced that the race would be rowed. Cambridge won the toss and chose the Middlesex side, hoping, no doubt, that shelter at the start would enable them to gain sufficient lead to cross over after Hammersmith and gain the advantage of the bend. Both crews got away to a good start, and Cambridge soon led by about half a length. Oxford drew up however and at Hammersmith Bridge the boats were about level. Oxford now had the advantage of the bend, but Cambridge, who were rowing in magnificent style, fought back, and at

Chiswick Steps the boats were still level. Davidge was now driving Oxford hard and at Barnes Bridge there was still little in it. With the advantage of the bend in Cambridge's favour again, it was thought that Cambridge now had the race, and they were probably a little ahead at this point. The boats were very close, and the oars seemed to touch at least once, but Cambridge gave way a little and the boats were going stroke for stroke to the finish. The Oxford crew were



THE FINISH: WHEN OXFORD (FURTHER FROM CAMERA) HAD AT LAST BROKEN CAMBRIDGE'S MAGNIFICENT STYLE AND FORCED A VICTORY BY A CANVAS (ABOUT 10 FT.) IN 20 MINS. 23 SECS.

now rowing like men inspired, and Cambridge for the first time seemed to be struggling. Oxford drove the rate up and up and, striking 36 or 37, won by a canvas in the time of 20 mins. 23 secs., to score their first victory since 1946 and to add a fitting crown to Davidge's long career in University rowing. The 1949

race had been acclaimed as probably the finest that any living spectator would see, but the 1952 has been judged by many—especially Oxford men—to have surpassed even that epic struggle. Owing to the appalling weather the race was watched by only a few thousand—who were fully rewarded for their hardness.

THE UNIVERSITY BOAT RACE, WHICH BEGAN IN A BLIZZARD AND ENDED IN AN OXFORD TRIUMPH.

OXFORD'S VICTORY IN A BOAT RACE WHICH SURPASSED EVEN THE EPIC CAMBRIDGE VICTORY OF 1949:



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

IT was, I think, Sir James Barrie, in his Rectorial Speech at St. Andrews University thirty years ago, who referred to courage as the "lovely virtue." I have just been reading an account in a Sunday newspaper of an English girl who volunteered to be dropped during the war behind the German lines in France, was tortured by the Gestapo to make her betray her trust and companions and, after suffering solitary confinement, was consigned to the horror of Ravensbruck concentration camp.* I seldom remember having read an account of courage that impressed me more, sordid and horrifying as the brief description of her sufferings inevitably was—and that only the most minute fraction of what she must actually have endured. It made me feel both ashamed and proud: ashamed of all the trivial selfishness and pettiness of which one is guilty but takes for granted, but which, in the light of such nobility, is seen to be the shoddy

A FRAGONARD PORTRAIT SOLD IN LONDON FOR £7500.



"L'Homme à l'Épée": BY JEAN HONORÉ FRAGONARD (GRASSE, 1732-PARIS, 1805), A PAINTING FORMERLY IN THE COLLECTION OF KING STANISLAS PONIATOWSKI. (25½ by 18½ ins.)

"L'Homme à l'Épée," a portrait by Jean Honoré Fragonard, depicting a nobleman in the costume of the court of Henri III., wearing a red cloak over a cuirass, a white ruff, a mauve cap with a feather, and gold earrings, was sold at Sotheby's last week to Captain Dyke for the sum of £7500. The painting, originally in the collection of King Stanislas Poniatowski, came into the Potocki collection at Lancut on the King's death in 1795, and remained there until 1945. It was sold by Count Alfred Potocki, of Lancut. According to family tradition, it was purchased by King Stanislas Poniatowski on the advice of Mme. Geoffrin, and was painted, like the Harcourt portraits "Anne François" and "François d'Harcourt en costume de comédie," to commemorate a fancy-dress ball.

thing it is; and proud to feel that an Englishwoman could show such constancy and valour. I never cease to wonder at, and be moved by, such stories as this girl's heroism and sacrifice, and at the reserves of greatness that some human beings, superficially often so far removed from greatness, can draw on from some deep well of goodness inside themselves. When the war broke out, the girl, whose name was Yvonne Baseden, was a seventeen-year-old typist in a Southampton office. She then joined the W.A.A.F. and, volunteering for this perilous service, was trained as a Resistance agent and saboteur. At twenty-two she was dropped in France and, after performing invaluable service to her country and the cause of freedom, was betrayed and captured. At one time she was interrogated, for prolonged periods and almost fainting for lack of food, in a Gestapo office by a "fatherly looking man," while at intervals "a huge, blue-chinned brute of a man in Gestapo uniform wearing enormous jack-boots" stamped on her feet; during it she could hear from another part of the building—a torture prison—the screams and groans of the captured Resistance men who had been her companions. But though she sobbed and lied desperately, she stood her ground in her solitary endurance as firmly as the Brigade of Guards and refused to betray her comrades and mission. When her tormentors withdrew to feed themselves they left her handcuffed to a radiator. Later she was kept in a bloodstained, foul-smelling cellar and fired at to make her talk. When her captors gave her up as incorrigible, she remained for a long time in solitude, her only companions three mice, whom her warders poisoned to spite her. Then she was taken in a cattle-truck to Ravensbruck, where by some miracle of toughness this fragile English girl—as heroic in her fortitude as Joan of Arc—survived for eight months on a daily diet of two bowls of vegetable soup, while "the crematorium poured black, greasy smoke as hundreds died in it each day." On one occasion, a mere skeleton of bone and pallid flesh, she was beaten by a German guard with a spanner for splitting a pillow from a train of loot she was made to unload. When, her terrible ordeal over, she returned through the offices of the Swedish Red Cross to London, she had to undergo a major lung operation for tuberculosis and to endure many months of further agony and of fearful dreams. To-day she is married and living in Rhodesia and has an infant son. Happy the nation that can boast such mothers for its children!

This question of courage is a great mystery: the greatest perhaps in our terrestrial existence. What is it that enables some men and women to be sometimes—for no one can live at such heights for ever—so much greater than themselves and than human nature seems capable of being? One cannot even measure courage or define it: one can only say that it exists. If anything in men besides love—and love itself is valueless, because otherwise so pitifully destructible, without courage—can prove the existence of God, it is this extraordinary virtue. Its essence is self-conquest: the overcoming of the normal instincts that prompt a man to behave in accordance with his own apparent needs and self-interest. The degree of self-conquest involved in any particular act of courage can never

be determined by others, because the intensity of the feelings which have to be overcome vary from man to man and from occasion to occasion, and only God can say what act of self-conquest is greater than another. But one can at least agree that the greater the sensitivity, the greater the degree of courage needed to overcome it. And women, in certain matters and for physical reasons, are more sensitive than men. An act of great physical courage in a woman is, therefore, always very moving. In this particular instance, sustained as it was over many months and amid such indescribable suffering and loneliness, the narrative of it moved me like a trumpet-call.

Such an account of what human nature can rise to, ought, I think, to be made part of the curriculum of every school. One wishes that it could sometimes be read in the places where men gather, in pursuit of their economic rights, to consider what taxes they ought to pay, what wages

they should demand and how little work and service they should do for others. It would be a very obese soul that could not learn something from contemplating what this brave, simple, self-dedicated English girl bore and achieved. Her example would not, of course, by itself enable anyone else to do the same, but it might at least help others to be brave and self-sacrificing in lesser things and to be duly critical of their own lack of virtue. It would help to give that most valuable—and very rare—accompaniment to life: a sense of proportion.

How can we teach, how inculcate courage? How do men and women find the strength to be so strong? At the root of the matter lies faith: faith in some cause or being outside oneself, or perhaps, to be more accurate, deep inside oneself, which one knows to matter far more than one's own physical consciousness. It may be, and often is, a completely inarticulate and sometimes even unconscious faith, constancy to which becomes a matter of stubborn, unspoken pride:

Poor, reckless, rude, low-born, untaught,
Bewildered and alone,
A heart with English instinct fraught,
He yet can call his own.
Aye! tear his body limb from limb,
Bring cord or axe or flame,
He only knows that not through him
Shall England come to shame.

It is the widespread possession of such faith—inherited and rooted faith—by the general body of its people that makes a nation great and enables it in the hour of adversity to do great things. And the second quality required of a man to make it possible for him to endure is the capacity to concentrate on the task of the moment: to will himself to stand firm in that moment: to endure the agony of the moment at all costs without surrendering and leave what has still to come to God or faith or fate. A man who feels it utterly impossible to endure torture for an hour may still find it possible to endure it for a minute, and then, thinking still only of a minute, for another

minute, and so on, until all the minutes of that hour are run. That is why professional torturers like the men of the Gestapo and OGPU rely so much on making their victims think of coming horrors in order to weaken their will to resist in the moment: to undermine by the fear of what is to come. That is why, too, imagination, unless strictly controlled, can be an enemy of courage, and why sometimes men with little imagination—many Englishmen, for instance—make such a fine showing in the hour of testing. Yet imagination is one of the most splendid and valuable of all human qualities, as necessary to a right course of action as a cat's whiskers are to guide it in a dark hole, and indispensable in all the higher leadership. To control imagination and arm it with courage is the highest faculty of education, which is one of the reasons why the training of the imagination is so important and why the failure of modern educationists to consider this particular problem adequately is so serious. The finer one's instrument—and a man, rightly considered, is only an instrument for greatness—the more essential it is that it should not break. Steel must be tempered.

"When you get to the end of your rope," said the late President Roosevelt, "tie a knot and hold on." There is the essence of courage, of the lovely virtue, taught by his lot to a man whose life was one long endurance of pain and conquest over it.

* Sunday Express, March 23, 1952. "An English Secretary in the Torture Cells of the Gestapo."

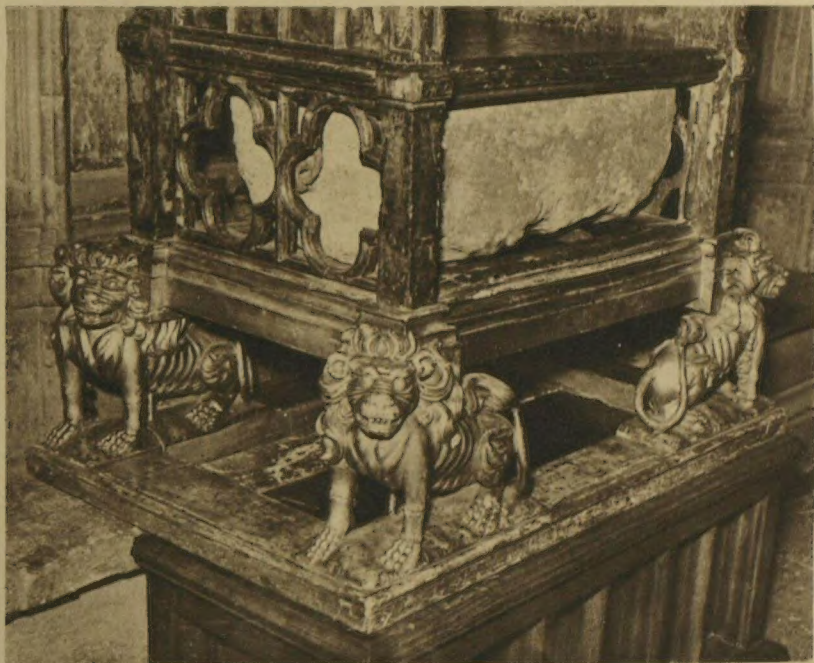
THE CORONATION STONE, A RUGBY INTERNATIONAL, AND OTHER HOME NEWS.



SETTING OUT TO WALK ACROSS THE THAMES: LORD NOEL-BUXTON ENTERING THE THAMES NEAR ST. THOMAS'S HOSPITAL, TO TEST THE EXISTENCE OF A ROMAN FORD. In order to test the existence of a Roman ford, which he believes crosses the Thames at Westminster, the 6 ft. 3 in. Lord Noel-Buxton attempted at low tide on March 25 to walk on the river-bed from St. Thomas's Hospital to the Houses of Parliament. The water proved deeper than he expected and he had to swim part of the way, but he claims to have located the ford and proved his point.



A TYPICAL SCENE IN THE ARCTIC RUGBY INTERNATIONAL IN WHICH ENGLAND DEFEATED IRELAND 3-0, WITH STIRLING (ENGLAND) TACKLING SMITH (IRELAND) IN A FORWARD MÊLÉE. At Twickenham on March 29 in arctic conditions, with snow falling on a snow-covered ground, England beat Ireland by a try, 3 points, to nil. England have now lost only to Wales (in a close game), and if, as is expected, they defeat France, will finish second to Wales in the international championship. The game against Ireland was mostly kick-and-rush, with Boobyer scoring the only try. England just succeeded in preserving their lead, and a draw might perhaps have truly reflected the run of the game.



A CLOSE-UP OF THE CORONATION STONE, IN THE CORONATION CHAIR IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY. BENEATH THE EXTREME LEFT LION CAN BE SEEN AN ELECTRIC LEAD. The Coronation Stone, which was removed by force on Christmas 1950 by certain Scottish students is now restored to its traditional place as part of the Coronation Chair in St. Edward's Chapel in Westminster Abbey. It stood for a time in Henry VII.'s Chapel, chained and behind a grille, but is now in its usual place. A number of warning devices, some secret, give warning of any attempt to tamper with it.



RESTORED ONCE MORE TO ITS TRADITIONAL RESTING PLACE: THE CORONATION STONE HERE SEEN IN THE CORONATION CHAIR IN ST. EDWARD'S CHAPEL IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY. TO THE LEFT CAN BE SEEN THE TOMB OF RICHARD II. AND IN THE LEFT FOREGROUND THAT OF EDWARD THE CONFESSOR.

(LEFT.) CARS CAUGHT IN DEEP SNOWDRIFTS IN THE WESTERHAM-CROYDON ROAD IN KENT: A SCENE TYPICAL OF THE STORM THAT STRUCK SOUTHERN ENGLAND ON MARCH 29.

The last week-end of March was marked for southern England by a severe snowstorm—the worst on record for late March in this century—and many roads were blocked and small communities isolated. Many sports fixtures were cancelled or postponed, but the University Boat Race was rowed in a blizzard and the England-Ireland Rugby International at Twickenham was played in deep snow and slush. The F.A. Cup semi-final between Arsenal and Chelsea was postponed.



IN THE ZOO'S NEW ELEPHANT PADDOCK: THE BABY DUMBO, ROLLING IN THE FOREGROUND, WITH, LEFT, THE AFRICAN FEMALE DICKSI AND, BEHIND HER, THE INDIAN RUSTY. On March 27 the new quarters for the Zoo's elephants were officially opened and two Indian elephants, Rusty and Dumbo and an African female, Dicksi, moved into the new paddock. It has been found that the two species get on quite well together. The paddock consists of four pens, an open plateau and two water-filled dykes.

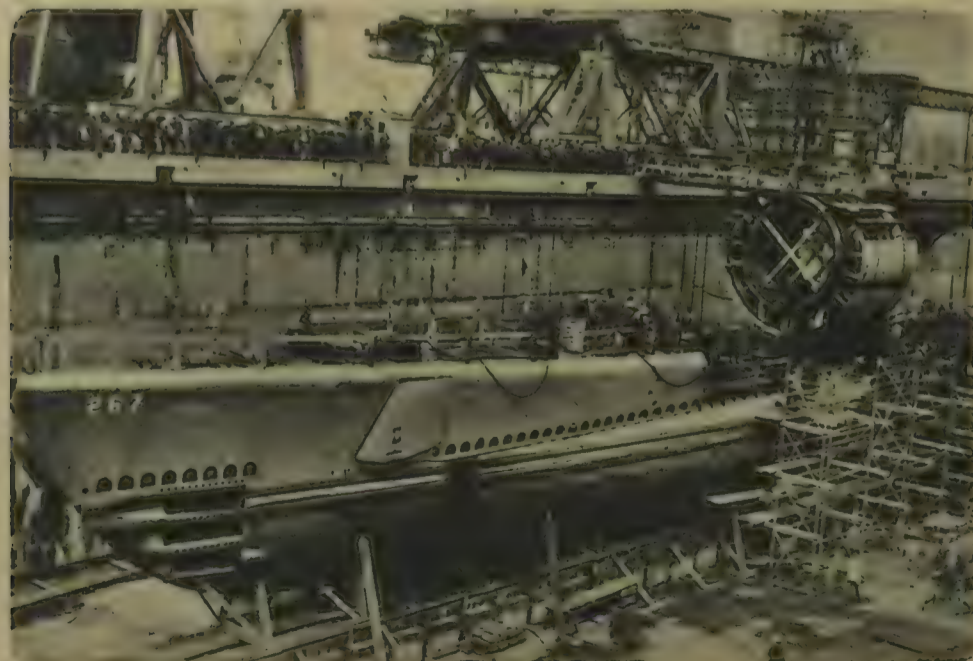
LAND, SEA AND AIR:
WEAPONS NEW AND
OBSOLETE—
STRETCHING A
SUBMARINE AND
"CUTTING" A TANK.

(RIGHT.) THE VERSATILITY OF A U.S. THUNDERJET FIGHTER-BOMBER DISPLAYED: THE AIRCRAFT AND ITS PILOT PHOTOGRAPHED WITH SEVERAL STANDARD OPERATIONAL LOADS.

Immediately beside the pilot are belts of machine-gun ammunition. In front of the aircraft are twenty-four 5-in. rockets; to the right are four 1000-lb. bombs; in the centre foreground are two 230-gallon fuel tanks with two 1000-lb. bombs; and over to the left are Napalm (jellied petroleum) tanks. The aircraft shown is the F-84F, the swept-wing version of the Republic *Thunderjet*, whose maximum speed exceeds 600 m.p.h. and which has a normal combat radius of 850 miles, extended to 1000 miles by means of external fuel tanks.



LAUNCHED AT COCKATOO ISLAND, SYDNEY, ON MARCH 1, 1952: AUSTRALIA'S FIRST PREFABRICATED ALL-WELDED SHIP, THE LARGE FLEET DESTROYER H.M.A.S. *VOYAGER*. Mrs. Menzies, wife of the Prime Minister, Mr. R. G. Menzies, performed the ceremony of launching Australia's first prefabricated all-welded ship, H.M.A.S. *Voyager*, at Cockatoo Island, Sydney—the first British ship launched in the reign of Elizabeth II. More than 3000 dock workers cheered as the hull slid down the slip.



LENGTHENING A SUBMARINE BY CUTTING IT IN HALF AND INSERTING ANOTHER SECTION: THE EXPANSION OF U.S.S. *POMPON* IN THE PHILADELPHIA NAVY YARD. This submarine, one of the converted "Gato" class, was built to the length of 311 ft. and was described as a radar picket submarine. Like its sister-ship *Redfin*, however, it has recently been bisected and lengthened to 343 ft. by the insertion of two 16-ft. sections amidships. It will be fitted with electronic devices.



A WINGED TARGET WHICH, IT IS CLAIMED, HAS OVERCOME PROBLEMS OF CONTROL WITHOUT PILOT OR AUTOCONTROL: THE RFD WINGED TARGET MK. I. Ten RFD Winged Targets Mk. I.—modified to 26 ft. span from the RFD Flygmal version and strengthened—were ordered for trials for the Navy by the Admiralty. During trials on Boscombe Down 240 indicated air speed at 24,000 ft. was achieved behind a *Hornet*, this representing a true speed of 355 knots or 420 miles per hour. Higher performance figures are expected.



A RUSSIAN-BUILT TANK BECOMES U.S. SCRAP TO AID THE AMERICAN REARMAMENT PROGRAMME: CUTTING OFF A GUN-BARREL FROM A CAPTURED TANK. A number of Russian-built tanks captured in Korea were brought to America for study and examination. In the present U.S. drive for scrap metal, these tank hulks and a number of obsolete and captured weapons, dumped in Maryland, are being cut up and used for scrap.



THE EVACUATION OF ISMAILIA: BRITISH TROOPS REMOVING BARBED WIRE, WHEN THEY WITHDREW ON MARCH 20-22 AND ALLOWED THE REOCCUPATION OF THE NATIVE TOWN.



EGYPTIAN POLICE AND MOUNTED POLICE SUPERVISING THE RETURN OF EVICTED EGYPTIANS TO THEIR HOMES AFTER THE BRITISH WITHDRAWAL FROM ISMAILIA.

DURING March 20-22, British troops evacuated Ismailia, which they had occupied since the fighting in January. Although some troops of the 1st Battalion, The Royal Sussex Regiment, will remain in the European quarter of the town, the whole responsibility for law and order will now rest with the Egyptian police. Those inhabitants who were evicted from their homes in the native quarter have been allowed to return and normal conditions have again returned to the town. On March 27, the European quarter of the town was once again in bounds for unarmed British troops, and, although there were a number of military police about, the scene was completely peaceful and the troops received a great welcome from the shopkeepers. In the meanwhile, all the auxiliary Egyptian police who were detained after the fighting on January 25 have been released, but have been deported from the Canal Zone.



EGYPTIANS GATHERING IN THE STREETS OF ISMAILIA ON MARCH 20 FOR THE FIRST STAGE OF THEIR RETURN TO THE NATIVE QUARTER AFTER ITS EVACUATION BY BRITISH TROOPS.



BRITISH MILITARY POLICE FIXING "OUT OF BOUNDS" NOTICES IN THE "ARAB TOWN" OF ISMAILIA, AT THE END OF THE MILITARY OCCUPATION



EGYPTIAN WOMEN IN THE NATIVE QUARTER OF ISMAILIA CHECKING OVER THEIR HOUSEHOLD BELONGINGS AFTER THEY HAD BEEN ALLOWED TO RETURN TO THEIR HOMES ON MARCH 20.

A SYMBOL OF RETURNING LAW AND ORDER IN EGYPT: THE RETURN TO NORMAL IN ISMAILIA.

POLITICAL VIOLENCE, A NEW VOLCANO AND A NOTABLE HISTORICAL RECONSTRUCTION.



A NEW VOLCANO ERUPTING FROM THE PACIFIC OCEAN SOME 70 MILES OFF THE COAST OF LUZON: SPARKS AND SMOKE RISING FROM A BOILING AND TORMENTED SEA. A volcano erupted from the Pacific recently. The S.S. *Bright Star*, leaving the northern reach of the Philippines observed white clouds and sparks, and a U.S. Air Force aircraft flew over it later with reporters, who saw smoke and steam rising from boiling water. Towns on the north coast of Luzon were warned of possible tidal-wave danger.



AFTER SUCCESSFULLY SIMULATING A TREK TO CIVILISATION BY AIR-CRASH SURVIVORS, TO TEST JUNGLE EQUIPMENT: SEVEN R.A.F. VOLUNTEERS LED BY S/L. TERENCE BRENNAN (2ND FROM LEFT). Seven R.A.F. volunteers, equipped only with concentrated food to last a week, and a bare minimum of other accessories, simulated a trek to civilisation by the survivors of an air crash in the swampy jungle and steep hills on the western coast of Borneo Island, to try out the ideal jungle emergency pack for airmen operating in the Far East. A *Sunderland* flying-boat made a daily run across their route.

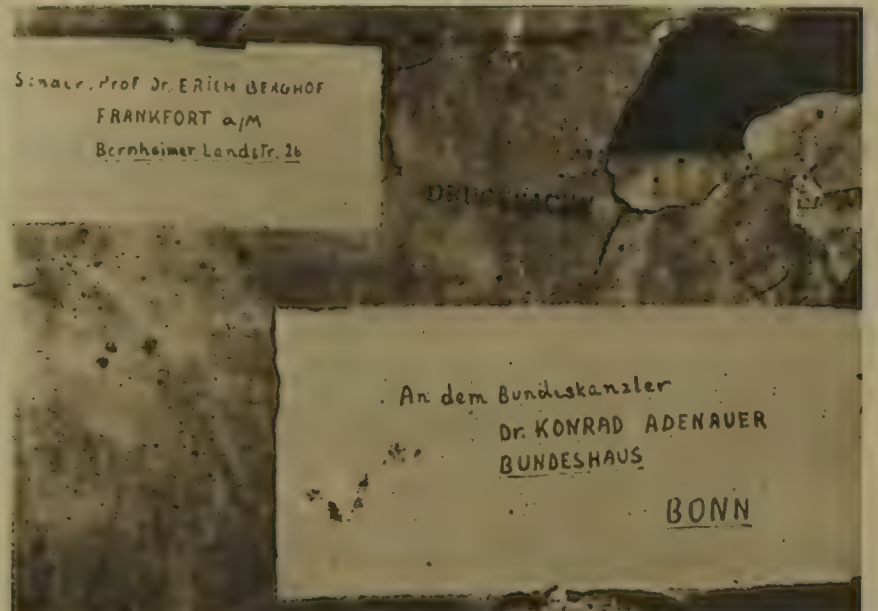


ORGANISED OPPOSITION TO DR. MALAN'S POLICY: A SPEAKER ADDRESSING A UNITED PARTY PROTEST MEETING ON THE STEPS OF JOHANNESBURG CITY HALL.

The constitutional crisis in South Africa caused by Dr. Malan's Government's determination to overrule the unanimous judgment of the Appeal Court that the Separate Representation of Voters Act is invalid, has resulted in scenes of violence in many of the chief cities of the Union, following meetings



FOR THE 1952 REPRESENTATION OF VAN RIEBEECK'S LANDING IN SOUTH AFRICA IN 1652: A RECONSTRUCTION OF HIS SHIP *DROMEDARIS*. The Van Riebeeck Tercentenary Fair was illustrated in our issue of March 29. Today, April 5, anniversary of his landing at the Cape in 1652, arrangements have been made to re-enact the scene. A modern copy of his flagship the *Dromedaris* has been specially constructed for use on the occasion.



THE PARCEL CONTAINING THE BOMB WHICH WAS DESTINED FOR DR. ADENAUER: A RECONSTRUCTION AFTER THE EXPLOSION, SHOWING THE ADDRESS AND NAME OF THE "SENDER." Two Munich schoolboys were given a parcel by an unknown man on March 27, and asked to post it. Noting it was addressed to Dr. Adenauer, the West German Chancellor, they handed it to the police. In opening it the expert was so seriously injured by the explosion of a bomb it contained that he died.



CARRYING TORCHES TO INDICATE ALLEGIANCE TO THE TORCH MOVEMENT AGAINST DR. MALAN'S POLICY: A GROUP OF MEN AND WOMEN AT A TORCH COMMANDO MEETING IN JOHANNESBURG. of protest organised by Group Captain ("Sailor") Malan's Torch Commando. Police reinforcements had to be called out in Pretoria to check clashes between Government supporters and opponents; rotten eggs, stink bombs, and other missiles were thrown, and there was hand-to-hand fighting.

THE BAMANGWATO QUESTION DECIDED: SERETSE KHAMA BANNED AS TRIBAL CHIEF.



GREETED ENTHUSIASTICALLY BY TRIBESMEN OF THE BAMANGWATO AT CABERONES, BECHUANALAND, IN MARCH, 1950: SERETSE KHAMA, THEN CHIEF-DESIGNATE, BEFORE HE RECEIVED THE FORMAL NOTICE OF HIS BANISHMENT.



GROUPED IN WARDS, EACH SURROUNDED BY A PALISADE OF TREE-TRUNKS: THATCHED "BEEHIVE" HOUSES OF THE BAMANGWATO AT SEROWE. [British Movietone News photograph.]



AN ATTRACTIVE BUNGALOW IN THE MUD-HUT CAPITAL OF HIS COUNTRY, SEROWE: THE HOME TO WHICH SERETSE KHAMA TOOK HIS WHITE WIFE, THE FORMER MISS RUTH WILLIAMS, IN AUGUST, 1949. THEY WERE MARRIED IN 1948.



WITH THEIR LITTLE DAUGHTER JACQUELINE: SERETSE KHAMA AND MRS. KHAMA, FORMERLY MISS RUTH WILLIAMS, THE ENGLISH GIRL WHOM HE MARRIED ON SEPTEMBER 29, 1948; WALKING IN THE GARDEN OF THEIR SURREY RESIDENCE.



EXILED FROM THE TRIBAL RESERVE FOR FIVE YEARS, BY THE LABOUR GOVERNMENT AND BANNED FOR LIFE AS CHIEF BY THE CONSERVATIVE GOVERNMENT: SERETSE KHAMA, GRANDSON OF KING KHAMA, WHO PLACED HIS TRIBE UNDER THE PROTECTION OF QUEEN VICTORIA, AND SON OF SEKGOMA, WHO DIED IN 1925.

ON March 27, it was announced in both Houses of Parliament that Seretse Khama, who was exiled from the Bamangwato tribal reserve in Bechuanaland by the Labour Government, had been banned for life as the Chief of the Bamangwato in Bechuanaland by the Conservative Government. A debate in the Lords was fixed for March 31. In the Commons Mr. Wedgwood Benn's proposal that the statement should be debated as a matter of urgency on a motion for the adjournment, was defeated. Seretse Khama, grandson of King Khama, who put his people under Queen Victoria's protection, was educated in England. Tshekedi Khama, his uncle, acted as Regent. In 1948 Seretse Khama married Miss Ruth Williams, and after tribal meetings had accepted him and his wife, he took her to Serowe in August, 1949. Later Seretse was banished for five years from the tribal reserve and Tshekedi Khama was also banished. A commission of inquiry visited Bechuanaland; and its findings were published as a White Paper. The decision by the present Government is stated to be final. Seretse has been offered a Government post in Jamaica which he has refused. He is to remain absent from his country until a new chief has been securely established.

THE Battle of the Islands, to defend strategic islands north and south of the 38th Parallel, off the coast of Korea, which began on the night of November 30, 1951, is one of the biggest naval operations of the Korean war. It has involved a large armada of ships of the British Commonwealth navies, and other ships of the navies of the United States, the Netherlands and the Republic of Korea: and, after 100 days, is still continuing. On these pages we are able to give drawings made by Mr. G. H. Davis, based on sketches supplied by an officer of the Royal Navy serving on the Far East Station, which vividly record episodes of this important naval action. The islands lie close to the mainland, and to maintain their day-and-night offensive patrols, the United Nations' ships risk critical navigational hazards in the shallow waters of the estuaries, and at this time of the year experience constant bad weather. They are often under fire from big shore batteries of 105-mm. and 76-mm. mortars and guns. The enemy began his—not unexpected—attempts to invade the islands at the end of last November. A force some 1000 strong attacked in junks and small boats, under covering fire from shore guns, and the lightly held Ta-yu-do island, south of the Yalu, fell to them. After this it was decided to concentrate upon the defence of larger islands to the south. The fleet was given the task of holding these islands, with the assistance of Republic of Korea marines: with air support and reconnaissance duties shared by aircraft from H.M.S. *Glory*, H.M.A.S.

(Continued opposite.)



SHIPS OF THE BRITISH COMMONWEALTH NAVIES OPERATING IN PANCAKE ICE: H.M.A.S. BATA-AY, H.M.S. BELFAST, H.M.C.B. ATHABASKAN, H.M.S. CONSTANCE DURING THE BATTLE FOR THE ISLANDS OFF THE COASTS OF KOREA, ONE OF THE MOST IMPORTANT ENGAGEMENTS



STRADDLED BY SHELL FIRE FROM THE SHORE BATTERIES: H.M.S. MOUNTS BAY, COMMANDED BY CAPTAIN J. B. PREWITT, BRINGING ALL HER GUNS TO BEAR AS SHE CUTS HER WAY THROUGH PANCAKE ICE. TEMPERATURES DURING THE BATTLE HAVE FALLEN AS LOW AS 9 DEG. F.

EPISODES OF A BIG NAVAL OPERATION OF THE KOREAN WAR, BASED ON SKETCHES BY A NAVAL OFFICER: SHIPS OF THE BRITISH COMMONWEALTH NAVIES IN THE BATTLE OF THE ISLANDS.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST G. H. DAVIS, S.M.A.

(Continued.)

Sydney, and the U.S.S. *Budwig*, Strait and *Bairoko*. By day, under cover of the big guns of the cruisers H.M.S. *Belfast* and H.M.S. *Ceylon*, destroyers and frigates of the British Commonwealth and other navies go close in-shore shooting up suspected strong-points and hunting out the mobile and cleverly concealed shore batteries. By night the ships take turns to illuminate the narrow channels between the islands and the mainland with star shells and rocket flares. Seamen and Royal Marines from H.M. ships, with U.S. and R.O.K. personnel, patrol in small boats investigating junks and keeping physical contact with the islands. Intense cold and a five-mile-wide track of "pancake" ice, some of it large enough to hole a ship, add to the difficulties of the action, and temperatures have fallen as low as 9 deg. F. At times tugs have to cut a way through the ice for the warships to proceed. All the ships have come under heavy mortar fire, and many have suffered hits, but no serious damage has been inflicted, and in return, batteries have been under repeated fire from U.N. ships, including the U.S. cruiser *Rochester* and the British cruisers *Belfast* and *Ceylon*, who have carried out intense bombardments of batteries on the Amgak peninsula. One of our sketches illustrates H.M.N.Z.S. *Taupo* straddled by enemy fire at Yang-do. Her coolness and accurate gunfire turned the tables on the enemy, and she sank twelve sampans and helped to defeat a determined attempt to capture this U.N. island base.

AND H.M.N.Z.S. ROTOITI (READING FROM THE FOREGROUND BACK), WITH FURIES AND FIREFLIES FROM H.M.S. *Glory*, ATTACKING ENEMY BATTERIES OF THE KOREAN WAR, WHICH BEGAN ON THE NIGHT OF NOVEMBER 30, 1951. BATA-AY IS ATTENDED BY A J.M.L.



UNDER HEAVY FIRE AS SHE HELPED TO REPEL AN ENEMY ATTEMPT TO CAPTURE THE ISLAND OF YANG-DO, OFF THE EAST COAST OF KOREA: H.M.N.Z.S. TAUPO, WHICH SANK TWELVE INVASION CRAFT AND RETURNED THE BATTERIES' FIRE DURING THIS PART OF THE ACTION.

OFFICER: SHIPS OF THE BRITISH COMMONWEALTH NAVIES IN THE BATTLE OF THE ISLANDS.

AND BASED ON SKETCHES MADE BY A NAVAL OFFICER.

ONE satisfactory element is to be found in the war in Korea, unhappy and disquieting as it is from other points of view. British tactical doctrine and training have withstood the test and British troops of all arms have won the favourable opinion of their allies, from general officers to private soldiers or enlisted men. It is likewise interesting to note that the 27th and 29th Brigades were differently constituted, yet proved indistinguishable in action. Each had in its ranks about the same proportion of Regular soldiers; but in one case the remainder were National Service men and in the other reservists. Here, then, the system has emerged with credit from a test of great importance in view of the fact that a mobilised British Army would be made up of soldiers of all three categories and that it is essential they should blend so closely as to form a homogeneous entity. The experience of Korea provides ground for hope that this would be the case, though admittedly reservists require a brief time in which to shake down if they are to be at their best. In 1914 many of them were not fully fit and the immediate retreat from Mons proved a gruelling experience for them.

The War Office has decided this year to throw further light upon the training of the Army for war by invitations to visit certain establishments where this is carried out. The most suitable start would have been at the Staff College, but it was found more convenient to begin with the School of Infantry, a relatively new institution which has met a pressing need. First of all, I want to give in a few words the general principle of all training. By far the greater part of it takes place in the unit. The officer passes through Sandhurst if a Regular, through Eton Hall or Mons for a National Service commission. The latter preparation is much the shorter, but at the same time purely military, whereas Sandhurst devotes attention to other subjects also. The School of Infantry is one of the arms schools through which the young Regular officer passes. But the Regular officer also has to pass promotion examinations on rising to captain and to major, and here the responsibility lies upon his commanding officer. Higher training is given at the Staff College, the Joint Services' Staff College, and the Imperial Defence College. The Senior Officers' School is different, with no tests, its purpose being to collect and bring up to date officers coming up for command of units. The Military College of Science imparts technical and scientific knowledge, but the aim is to produce officers who are more than technicians and fit to rise to higher appointments outside the technical field.

Other ranks undergo a basic training which has been cut down to the astonishingly short period of six weeks. The object of this abridgment is to minimise the very heavy drain on the Regular Army for instructors and also to reduce the very high numbers of men absent from their units either undergoing this training or travelling. It may be found necessary to increase the period again to ten weeks, and at present longer training outside the unit is given to future instructors and to men in trades requiring a high standard of skill. Otherwise the rank and file get the bulk of their training in their units, the infantry virtually all of it. The purpose of schools is largely the provision of instructors who are not merely furnished with knowledge about, let us say, wireless or the 2-inch mortar, but who are also capable of imparting it to others, whose minds are often slower and less receptive than their own.

The School of Infantry has the disadvantage of being scattered, which entails a great deal of travelling. This is due to economy and the fact that one of its branches, the Small Arms Wing, is far more ancient than itself and uses facilities long installed at Hythe. Only the Headquarters and the Tactical Wing are at Warminster, the Signal Wing being also at Hythe and the Support Weapons Wing at Netheravon, in this case reasonably close at hand. The Signal Wing is new; formerly all signallers were trained at Catterick, but now each arm trains its own. My visit was to Warminster, which is naturally the most interesting, because in the Tactical Wing all the subjects taught in the other three are united and exploited together and because to all except specialists tactics in general are more interesting than weapon training pure and simple. A further interesting side of Warminster is that of research in the form of study of new tactical ideas and weapons. It also produces pamphlets and manuals. The Tactical Wing has at its disposal a demonstration battalion, this year the Gloucestershire, fresh from Korea, and a squadron of tanks of the 4th Hussars. It can borrow a battery of artillery when it needs one.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. THE INFANTRYMAN OF TO-DAY.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

Its main functions are strictly limited. They are the training of platoon and company commanders. There are other courses, in particular those, of varying length, for the Territorial Army—about 100 T.A. officers were on a week's course at the time of my visit—but the above represents the chief task. The first impression made upon the visitor who has not been to Warminster for a few years is that the efforts to make the infantry battalion as nearly as possible self-sufficing are going on without remission. Viewed in terms of the past, one might almost describe the infantry battalion of to-day as a miniature division. The process is inevitable but has a serious defect. It tends to concentrate less upon the rifleman. In old

25 2-inch mortars; 6 medium machine-guns (Vickers); 6 3-inch mortars; 23 rocket-launchers; 6 17-pdr. anti-tank guns. For several of these improved types are projected, notably the 17-pdr. which, good weapon though it is, must be considered rather clumsy for infantry use. Mines carried by the assault pioneer platoon afford some extra protection, but large-scale mine defence is naturally the business of the Royal Engineers.

This is a formidable armament. The density of the curtain of fire which can be provided was illustrated with the aid of tracer ammunition in the half-light of evening. Certain weapons have more than one function. For example, high-explosive shell can, if necessary, be used in the 17-pdr. in place of the solid shot designed to penetrate armour, the chief purpose of the gun. Mortars use not only the normal bomb, but the smoke-bomb—making smoke of various colours when desired—and parachute flares for illumination. It must be admitted that the items of equipment have become numerous and are in some cases complex, but it is difficult to dispense with any when it appears to represent a battle-winning and life-saving factor. Indeed, one other may perhaps be necessary, a heavy, large-calibre machine-gun for battalion defence against low-flying aircraft. Stress upon the need for being prepared to fight in circumstances of air inferiority is now being increased in training. On the other hand, close co-operation with tanks and the employment of armoured personnel carriers is a feature of the training at the Tactical Wing, and was brought out in the set exercise in attack which I witnessed.

I firmly believe that valuable teaching in tactics can be imparted indoors on large-scale models of country. One feature of training which seems to lend itself particularly to such treatment is instruction in the capture of villages and in street-fighting. One obvious advantage is that an exercise which would take half a day in the open can be done in an hour on a model, and during that period two or three students can be called upon to give their ideas or to comment on the ideas of others. Needless to say, this is only an aid, an introduction to the subject, and the man who could conduct an operation competently on a model might well be at a loss when first called upon to do so on the ground. Training with models is practised at the Tactical Wing, with accessories in many cases ingeniously manufactured from waste material. Little models of guns and tanks are moved about as though they were chessmen. An artillery barrage is represented by successive lines of lights, flicked on and off at the required speed. A feature of one exercise on the model, representing an attack by a battalion, was a conference—which included some light relief—of the battalion commander with, successively, representatives of the artillery, engineer and armoured elements by which he was to be supported.

In military education, as in education of most sorts, not all the instruction can be expected to stick everywhere, but all should stick somewhere. Much must depend upon the methods, which can be regulated, and on the personality of instructors, which cannot be created, though it may be developed. It would be an impertinence on my part to comment on the aptitude of my hosts, especially after a visit of little more than twenty-four hours; but perhaps they will not take it amiss if I say that they appeared to be highly enthusiastic and lively in their minds. The more junior may hardly realise how fortunate they are in the matter of facilities by comparison with their predecessors of the 'thirties, who had to deal so much in make-believe that belief was apt to become exhausted by continuous effort. The Director-General of Military Training, General Sir Richard Gale, whose term of office is nearly over, seems to me to have been over-ambitious rather than the reverse, and I am sure that is the right side to which to incline. Sometimes I feel doubts when I envisage the amount of stuff that has to be carted about on the road, especially when I recall how few vehicles are used by the infantry by comparison with other arms. But all that can be done is to watch this problem. The clock cannot be set back.

INFANTRY TRAINING TO-DAY.



SHOWING HOW A BATTLE IS FOUGHT, AT THE SCHOOL OF INFANTRY, WARMINSTER: SOME 5000 STUDENTS AND SPECTATORS ARE RANGED ON ONE SLOPE WHILE ARTILLERY AND TANKS PREPARE THE WAY FOR AN INFANTRY ASSAULT. ARMoured PERSONNEL CARRIERS (A.P.C.s) CAN BE SEEN COMING UP ON THE RIGHT.



AFTER DEMONSTRATING HOW A BATTLE IS FOUGHT AT THE SCHOOL OF INFANTRY, WARMINSTER: INFANTRY AND ARMOUR ASSEMBLING BEFORE REGROUPING AFTER THE SUCCESSFUL CONCLUSION OF AN ASSAULT.

In his article on this page, Captain Falls describes a recent visit to the Headquarters and Tactical Wing of the School of Infantry at Warminster. The photographs above were taken during the course of demonstrations at Warminster last summer. One of the most interesting features which Captain Falls describes is "the efforts to make the infantry battalion as nearly as possible self-sufficing. . . . Viewed in terms of the past, one might almost describe the infantry battalion of to-day as a miniature division"; and while admitting the inevitability of it, he analyses certain defects of this development.

days a battalion might suffer calamitous casualties in action, let us say 300, and still be fit for operations. To-day it would be fit for little but defence, because the loss would fall mainly on the men who push home an assault. Yet infantry would be too thin-skinned and vulnerable to attack by modern weapons, even with the support of artillery, armour and aircraft—and it cannot always rely on that of the second and third—unless it, on its side, possessed increased powers in defence and attack and, in particular, increased fire-power.

For this reason the heavier supporting weapons, such as anti-tank guns and 3-inch mortars, which rank as battalion weapons, are placed in one company, so that there remain only three normal or "rifle" companies, but the rifle companies themselves have at their disposal weapons such as the rocket-launcher, a platoon anti-tank weapon, and the relatively light 2-inch mortar, which increase their striking power. The battalion also has wireless sets for communication between headquarters and companies, with a range up

to three miles; for company communication to platoons and for 3-inch-mortar communications, both with a range up to 1½ miles; and the 62 set, with a range up to 10 miles, kept in reserve owing to its weight and because in many circumstances it is not required, in which case it remains in its vehicle. Apart from rifles, the following are the main battalion weapons: 67 light machine-guns (Bren); 25 2-inch mortars; 6 medium machine-guns (Vickers); 6 3-inch mortars; 23 rocket-launchers; 6 17-pdr. anti-tank guns. For several of these improved types are projected, notably the 17-pdr. which, good weapon though it is, must be considered rather clumsy for infantry use. Mines carried by the assault pioneer platoon afford some extra protection, but large-scale mine defence is naturally the business of the Royal Engineers.

DEMANDING THE RETURN OF TRIESTE: ITALIAN FEELING EXPRESSED IN RIOTING.



STONING A POLICE TRUCK IN TRIESTE: DEMONSTRATORS LOOSING A VOLLEY OF STONES AGAINST THE POLICE, WHO HAD BROKEN THROUGH A ROAD BARRICADE.



DISPERSING THE DEMONSTRATORS IN TRIESTE: POLICE REINFORCEMENTS ARRIVING AND A POLICE PATROL ON MOTOR-CYCLES PREPARING TO CHASE THE RIOTERS UP THE STREET.



USING A HIGH-PRESSURE WATER TRUCK: POLICE IN ROME SPRAYING STUDENT DEMONSTRATORS WITH A RED DYE AS THEY SEEK REFUGE NEAR ST. MARY MAJOR.



THROWING STONES AT A BRITISH MILITARY VEHICLE IN TRIESTE: ITALIAN CITIZENS DEMONSTRATING AGAINST PREVIOUS POLICE ACTION IN THE CITY.



DEMANDING THE RETURN OF TRIESTE TO ITALY: STUDENTS AND AGITATORS THRONGING A STREET IN ROME DURING THE RECENT DISTURBANCES.



A VIEW OF THE ROME DEMONSTRATION STAGED BY STUDENTS FOR THE RETURN OF TRIESTE: THE SCENE IN VIA TRITONE, A CENTRAL THOROUGHFARE.

Britain, the United States and Italy have agreed to a joint examination of arrangements in the Free Territory of Trieste and talks are expected to be held in London shortly. This announcement on March 27 followed demonstrations in Italian cities for the return of the area to Italy. Rome became calm once again on March 27 when students resumed their lectures after three days of demonstrations. But demonstrations continued in Milan, where 25,000 people, led by

the Mayor, paraded through the streets. In Trieste itself, the city which arouses such deep feelings in the Italian people, the first of a series of serious disorders broke out on March 20, the occasion of the fourth anniversary of the Three-Power proposal to return the Free Territory to Italy. During the rioting many people were injured and much damage done to property. On March 22 British soldiers were stoned and British centres attacked by the demonstrators.

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

MORE ABOUT DWARFED GIANTS.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

RATHER more than a year ago (January 27, 1951) I wrote an article on this page, which I called "Dwarfing a Giant." It was an

account of how I had grown some redwoods, *Sequoia sempervirens*, one of the world's largest trees, as dwarfed specimens in pots, rather in the Japanese manner. I have found these dwarfed redwoods not only most adaptable to this form of cultivation, but very decorative as room-plants, especially for use in winter. My specimens spend the summer months in

in bowls and dishes without any drainage holes at all. As I rather expected, this has proved entirely successful. The first one with which I started is now on lease-lend to my son. It is planted in a rather shallow bowl, in a mixture consisting chiefly of peat and leaf-mould.

Two other, rather younger specimens, I have kept. One is planted in a small porridge bowl. It is one of those pleasant bowls that have made their appearance during the last four or five years, either in soft blue or a pleasing celadon green. This one is celadon, and is just under 6 ins. in diameter and 2 ins.

deep. The tree itself stands 8 ins. high and has a span of 18 ins. The other is in a celadon green oval bowl of the same ware as the porridge bowl. It is about 9 ins. long, 6½ ins. wide and 2 ins. deep. It was, I should say, intended for making rice puddings in. I am glad to have promoted it to an even nobler use. These two experimental redwoods are too young to have acquired real character, but they are graceful, elegant and, to my mind, attractive.

Planted in a mixture of peat and leaf-mould, they have remained indoors all this winter, literally standing in water. I have deliberately given the soil in each

stood on a dish or saucer as a drained pot must be, to preserve the furniture—and the peace.

These redwoods, whether grown in pots or bowls, make an astonishing mass of roots in the course of a year. So much so, that more than once I have found them lifting themselves right up out of their pots. The remedy for this is simple. Once a year, usually in autumn, when I bring them into the house, I knock them out of their pots or pans, and, with a really sharp dinner-knife, slice off the bottom inch or half-inch of the roots, which have become a solid mass of fibres, chasing each other round and round the bottom of the pot, in a vain search for nourishment. I then put an inch or a half-inch layer of soil—peat, leaf-mould and just a dash of bone-meal—at the bottom of the pot, an amount about equal to the slab of surplus root that I have sliced away. It does not seem to make much difference whether one does this operation in spring or autumn, though I rather prefer doing it in autumn.

Anyone wishing to try their hand at growing redwoods as dwarfed room-plants, should have no difficulty in getting young specimens from any one of the big nursery firms who specialise in trees and shrubs, and I would suggest starting with quite small trees. After potting the trees up and getting them established, I find it a good plan to cut the main stems down to within an inch or two of the ground. Fresh growth will soon push up, and as this develops it is just a matter of selecting the stems that seem most desirable, and pruning away what is not needed. From this point it must be a matter of personal taste and whim to prune the little trees in such a way that they grow into the irregular and picturesque shape and form that best pleases one. One soon learns what sort of response the trees make to pruning.

Not only is the redwood one of the world's largest trees, reaching, in California, a height of 300 ft. and more, but it is a tree of great beauty. Too often, however, when planted as an ornamental tree in this country it is given an exposed position on lawns, etc., where it is apt to be damaged by frost and exposure, which gives the tree an unhappy, rusty appearance. It should be grown in the most sheltered position possible, and at the same time the best of soil.

The timber of the redwood is extremely useful in building, etc., but to what extent—if at all—it has



THE WORLD'S LARGEST TREE, GROWING IN AN OVAL BOWL WITHOUT DRAINAGE, WHICH "WAS, I SHOULD SAY, INTENDED FOR MAKING RICE PUDDINGS IN," BUT NOW PROMOTED TO AN EVEN NOBLER USE. A DWARFED REDWOOD, *SEQUOIA SEMPERVIRENS*, IN THE SEVENTH YEAR OF ITS THOUSAND-YEAR-SPAN.

full shade, either on the north side of a wall in the open, or, what pleases them even more, under the staging in a cold greenhouse. They come into the house in the autumn, and live there until about March or April, by which time I begin to get tired of them. The advent of spring flowers, moreover, lowers their value from what it was during the winter months, so out they go for a long summer outdoor vacation. It is quite extraordinary how these redwoods stand up to life in a living-room warmed by an open fire and away from any direct daylight. I find that the greatest luxury one can give them is a good overhead watering and washing from a well-rosed watering-can. I give them this every week or two, or, as an alternative, I stand them in the open to enjoy a shower of rain. Three things these redwoods will not tolerate—central heating, gas fires and lighting, and drought. They just cannot be over-watered. In fact, if their pots are stood permanently in a saucer or shallow dish, with standing water in it all the time, they seem to enjoy it as much as most normal pot plants would resent it. When I saw the giant redwoods growing naturally, as my wife and I motored up the wonderful "Redwood Highway" in California, I got the impression that they were moisture-loving trees. It was the luscious undergrowth of ferns, etc., that gave this feeling. My dwarfed redwoods, grown in pots with normal drainage holes, are now some fifteen or more years old. But since they were started, I began, about seven years ago, to experiment with young specimens grown

bowl a slightly undulating surface, and in watering, I fill them so that there is a small pool of water standing in the lowest depression. This pool I maintain the whole time. This little experiment has now been going on long enough to convince me that growing dwarf redwoods in bowls, without drainage, has definite advantages over my older plan of growing them in pots with normal drainage holes.

For one thing, it greatly simplifies the problem of watering. My older redwoods, in pots with drainage, are not easy to soak as they like to be soaked, by watering from a can. I find the only satisfactory way is to stand them in a big enamel washing-up bowl filled with water. In this way the whole root system becomes soaked to the very core. On the undrained bowl system it is only necessary to water from a can until the pond in the lowest depression shows as a pond. After that, as long as the pond is there, you may be sure that the root system is as damp as it really likes to be. Another advantage of the no-drainage plan is that the bowl need not be



ANOTHER PHOTOGRAPH OF THE SAME DWARFED GIANT, WITH A GLASS OF MARBLES AND A SNUFF-BOX TO GIVE THE SCALE. [Photographs by P. E. Pritchard.]

been planted in Britain as a timber tree I do not know. It would be an interesting experiment to plant redwoods as pure forest in some sheltered valley—say, in the West of Scotland. The tree is a rapid grower, when conditions please it. In a thousand years, or possibly less, such a plantation should be an interesting and beautiful sight.

THE ACTIVITIES OF FOUR KINGS: NEWS ITEMS FROM COPENHAGEN, THE ARDENNES AND BENGHAZI.



THE OPENING OF THE FIRST LIBYAN PARLIAMENT: KING IDRIS ENTHRONED, FLANKED BY THE CHIEF OF THE ROYAL CABINET (LEFT) AND THE CAPTAIN OF THE BODYGUARD; WHILE THE PRIME MINISTER READS THE SPEECH FROM THE THRONE.

On March 25 the first Libyan Parliament opened its first session at the joint capital, Benghazi. The ceremony, which was broadcast, opened with King Idris taking the oath. After this the Prime Minister, Mahmoud Muntasser, read the speech from the throne, outlining the Government's foreign and domestic policy. He said that Libya hoped soon to be admitted to the United Nations and welcomed co-operation with other Muslim and Arab states, and undertook to respect the rights of foreign communities in Libya provided they respected Libya's laws and customs. He also stated that it was hoped soon to establish a national army with trained officers.



THE BENGHAZI PARLIAMENT HOUSE—KNOWN TO SOLDIERS OF THE EIGHTH ARMY AS THE "WAVELL ARMS" DURING THE AFRICAN CAMPAIGNS—DURING THE OPENING SESSION OF THE FIRST LIBYAN PARLIAMENT.



THE ROYAL SWEDISH STATE VISIT TO DENMARK: QUEEN LOUISE OF SWEDEN (LEFT) AND QUEEN INGRID OF DENMARK DRIVING THROUGH THE CITY OF COPENHAGEN, EN ROUTE FOR THE AMALIENBORG CASTLE, AT THE OPENING OF THE VISIT.



AT THE ROYAL STATE BANQUET IN COPENHAGEN: THE KINGS OF DENMARK (RIGHT) AND SWEDEN, FLANKED BY THE QUEENS OF SWEDEN (RIGHT) AND DENMARK (LEFT). On the morning of Monday, March 24, King Gustav Adolf and Queen Louise of Sweden arrived at Copenhagen for a three-day State visit to Denmark. King Frederik and Queen Ingrid of Denmark met them at the station and drove with them through Copenhagen to the Royal Palace. In the evening of the same day an official banquet was held at Christiansborg Palace. Later in the visit the Kings and Queens of Denmark and Sweden dined at the home of the atomic scientist, Dr. Niels Bohr.



STUDYING THE DAMAGE HE HAD DONE WITH A "BAZOOKA" SHOT: KING BAUDOUIN OF THE BELGIANS (RIGHT-CENTRE; WITH GLASSES), AT A BELGIAN ARMY TRAINING CENTRE. Towards the end of March, King Baudouin of the Belgians paid a visit to the Belgian Army's Infantry and Artillery Training Centre at Arlon, in the Ardennes. While there he took an especial interest in a Belgian-made "bazooka." He fired with one of these weapons and with his second shot hit the target, a crippled



HANDLING A BELGIAN-MADE "BAZOOKA," WHICH HE LATER FIRED: KING BAUDOUIN OF THE BELGIANS, DURING HIS VISIT TO A TRAINING CENTRE AT ARLON. In our two photographs we show him "getting the feel" of the weapon, and also inspecting the damage he had done to the target and studying the penetrative power of the rocket projectile. King Baudouin had previously enjoyed a holiday in Switzerland with his sister, brother and half brother.

"FAR AWAY AND LONG AGO"—A POET LAUREATE REMEMBERS.

"SO LONG TO LEARN"; By JOHN MASEFIELD.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

"THE life so short, the craft so long to learn" is a quotation from Chaucer which Mr. Masefield puts on his title-page: a straight translation from the terse Latin: *Ars longa, vita brevis*. "My concern in this book is with the influences that helped me to be a story-teller," says Mr. Masefield: which suggests something dull and analytical. Happily the book contains no such laboured dissection of an artist's mental history as those words suggest. It is, in fact, a quite charming fragment of autobiography with a few propagandist pages about the promotion of verse-speaking and the production of poetic drama at the end. Naturally, any intense youthful experience may have its influence on the later man, apart from the fact that memories may be treasures. Mr. Masefield himself, in a poem long ago which was called "Biography" and might well have been called "Autobiography," said: "Best keep the happy moments." He has kept and recorded many of them here, memories of nature and of men, of songs and legends, and the result is a book delightful in itself, apart from all reference to his career as a writer and teller of tales in prose and verse.

Men of his generation will find it evocative of scenes and objects with which they too were familiar "far away and long ago." Mr. Masefield spent his early years in Herefordshire. "We had amongst us a tall, slow, long-headed race, almost a race apart, that cherished age-old quarrels with the Welsh, and with the somewhat different and therefore perhaps hateful people on the other side of the Malverns and the Severn. We had few or no precise ancestral memories or legends, except that we were for 'the King,' never for 'Oliver,' and that one of 'Oliver's' men had murdered the Vicar at Tarrington... that was still remembered, perhaps because he was a very old and very good man. Every year these natives got into trouble with the Welsh at the fairs near the Border. As a little child, I was told by one of them what I ought to say to infuriate a Welshman, and what the Welshman would probably say first, to infuriate me. So far, these pleasanties have not been exchanged." If Mr. Masefield is really pining for the experience, I dare say that a few powerful public remarks about Mr. Aneurin Bevan might produce the desired result. Boys brought up in most parts of England were spared this sort of ancient feud; though I do remember that in early childhood I was led to believe that the Cornish were a lot of suspicious characters who couldn't be trusted, and relics of such local broils are evident in the beautiful map of Sussex in Mr. Belloc's "The Four Men," with Hampshire inscribed "Here are pigs" and Kent "Here are men with tails." But boys anywhere might have seen, felt, and done most of the things which were seen, felt and done by Mr. Masefield.

He sailed little paper boats down little streams and got muddy. He had a rocking-horse and a Zoetrope, or Wheel of Life, as also had I. He read Captain Mayne Reid and old bound volumes of magazines. He had a dread of boa-constrictors, pythons, gypsies and the gallows. About some familiar objects he wonders whether they still exist. He may be fairly sure that rationing no longer permits sugar-mice with string tails. But I can assure him that three

years ago I saw a hornet, though without any great degree of enthusiasm. Another question I am not so sure about. He comes to it at the end of a passage of fond reminiscence: "To myself, as a little child, it was a land of beauty and romance. The fields glowed with abundance: even when bare they looked like mighty flesh. There had been a battle in the little town, and a murder at the garden's end. Four ancient camps were within short walks of my home; nearer still was a spring so impregnated with lime that all twigs, leaves and birds' nests placed in its water swiftly seemed to be turned to fragile fossil. Every April filled the meadows with daffodils; every autumn gave to each farm the strong reek of 'pommace.' From every hill we could look over miles of orchard, pasture and woodland amid which red farms stood out with white-pointed tops of oast-houses; and usually a flight of pigeons. The pigeons were of many kinds and colours: all farmers and many other

"the last kindling master who had appeared in England." "Men had not then turned against him, to decry, deride and blacken. To us, he was the live spirit who had changed and enlivened the whole course of art in this land, who had inspired all who meant most to us and left the solace of his protest to those who came too late to know him. Wonderful tales were current about him: his after-glow was with us. Men told me how by some miracle of mind he always knew the new genius at his first appearance, and the forgotten genius before he had been reprinted." Of the men of his own time, W. B. Yeats evidently made the greatest impression on him. He used, when he first came to London fifty years ago, to go to Yeats's Monday evenings in Woburn Buildings, which I myself went to occasionally, later, from 1910 onwards. He seems to have been spellbound: "Often during a Monday Evening, when Yeats was at his best, enchanting everybody, I would think: 'This wisdom ought to be recorded. Somebody ought to write down from memory all that he has said, after each

Evening, for always, among the few or many talkers, he says the only luminous, kindling and final things. His mind has the power of instant judgment possessed by Doctor Johnson; it shows a gayer wit; a fairer zest of illustration; and instead of the Doctor's frequent rudeness or brutality, such charming, winning tact and grace.' Sometimes I would tell myself: 'But it cannot be recorded. It would be like trying to record the wonder of a cataract, that is never really there, save as a glitter that passes, yet continues to glitter and pass.'" So powerful was the impression made upon Mr. Masefield's mind that he is able to describe every article of furniture and every picture in the room, as though he were giving instructions for a stage-setting. For me, alas, all I can remember is that the room was hung with brown paper and lit with candles, that some of us sat on the floor, that the atmosphere was rather hieratic, and that now and then, after an expectant hush, Yeats, in the manner of one

delivering an incantation, would begin quietly intoning some mystic tale with the words: "I had a dream." No: I also remember that he was a very courteous host to younger men.

In these very varied and spontaneous pages Mr. Masefield makes many interesting casual remarks. He defends the late Victorian time (so often referred to as though it were dominated by the decadents), as a time "of peace, liberty, abundance and overwhelming intellectual endeavour"—which description I can hardly suppose will be applied by anybody, fifty years hence, to our own time. He is extremely blunt about the modern reaction against story-telling paintings: "The shocking doctrine delighted the half-baked everywhere, and some of the results are now everywhere, on dirty bare walls in public buildings, and mental perversions of various kinds on private walls." He is right. There was no reason why, just because the general public thought a picture good because it depicted a gallant action or there was a Dear Little Doggie in it, the baby should have been thrown out with the bath and all human meaning discarded. The theorists, had they been consistent, should, according to their principles, have rejected most of the Old Masters.



AT HIS HOME NEAR OXFORD WITH A FELINE FRIEND: MR. JOHN MASEFIELD, WRITER, AND POET LAUREATE SINCE 1930, WHOSE AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL BOOK, "SO LONG TO LEARN," IS REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE.

Mr. John Masefield, who has been Poet Laureate since 1930, and was awarded the O.M. in 1935, has now written three autobiographical books: "In the Mill" (1941), "New Chum" (1944), and now "So Long to Learn," which he sub-titles "Chapters of an Autobiography." Mr. Masefield says: "I was born in or near the little country town of Ledbury, in Herefordshire. I am in some doubt as to the house in which I was born, and have been told that there is some doubt of the day: but in or near Ledbury, and on, or nearly on, the 1st of June, 1878, should suffice." Mr. Masefield says that his concern in his present book is "with the influences that helped me to be a story-teller." Sir John Squire says that this suggests something dull and analytical, but that the book is, in fact, "a quite charming fragment of autobiography."

people kept them. Their flights were among the many beauties of that countryside. Sometimes a great flight of two hundred birds would rise high into the air, and tumble, or half-tumble, there, changing to jewels in the light. Do men keep tumbler-pigeons still, or has the strain died out? I have not seen a flight of tumblers for fifty-five years." Now the question is broached I believe it is almost as long since I saw one myself, or for that matter, a pout (or whatever the norm of assembly may be) of pouters. But I can't believe that, in a country almost entirely composed of "fanciers," they have been allowed to die out, in favour of Syrian hamsters and other new favourites.

Childhood over, Mr. Masefield went to the Conway, and was briefly in the Merchant Service. There is naturally, therefore, something here about ships. But he was so obviously predestined to writing that it seems odd that somebody did not spot it when he was young. But it took him some time to find his groove. Even when he won an essay prize on his training-ship, "a kind friend, whose judgment I trusted, said: 'You must not let this be fatal to you. You must get this writing-rubbish out of your head.'" After all, nine times out of ten such kind friends are right.

In young manhood the most powerful literary "influence" on Mr. Masefield was that of Rossetti,

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 596 of this issue.

* "So Long to Learn": "Chapters of an Autobiography." By John Masefield. (Heinemann; 18s.)



THE PRIMATE OF ALL ENGLAND: HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

The Lord Primate of All England, the Archbishop of Canterbury, has the immemorial right to crown our Sovereigns, and thus, when Queen Elizabeth II. is crowned next year, the Most Rev. the Rt. Hon. Geoffrey Francis Fisher, Archbishop of Canterbury, will be the consecrating prelate. Born in 1887, he is the younger son of the late Rev. H. Fisher, Rector of Higham-on-the-Hill, Nuneaton. He was Assistant Master, Marlborough College, 1911-14, Headmaster of Repton School, 1914-32, Bishop of

Chester, 1932-39, and Bishop of London, 1939-45. His elder brother is Bishop of Natal. The Archbishop and Mrs. Fisher plan to spend a summer holiday in the United States as guests of the presiding Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in America. The Primate does not propose to undertake any engagements until just before he leaves America. He will then preach at Trinity Church, Boston, and will address the General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church.

Exclusive Colour Photograph by Karsh of Ottawa.



BEAUTY THAT DOES NOT FADE—THE SPLENDOUR, COLOUR AND VARIETY OF MINERALS USED AS GEMSTONES: A SELECTION FROM THE COLLECTIONS OF THE GEOLOGICAL MUSEUM IN LONDON.

Diamond, ruby, sapphire and emerald are universally recognised and prized as precious stones, but they are many other gemstones which possess the three necessary attributes of durability, beauty and rarity. A selection of these, reproduced here and on the facing page, are part of the national collections exhibited in the Geological Museum, South Kensington. Durability is essential so that the beauty may last unimpaired. The mineral *fluorapatite*, for example, occurs in many beautiful colours, but finds little use in jewellery. Its hardness is low and if it were mounted in a ring it would rapidly become scratched or shattered. Beauty is also a necessary attribute of a gemstone, and may depend largely upon fine colour, as in some *garnets* and *journals*, or upon some property such as 'fire', as in the rare *sphère*, or the green *garnet*.

(diamonds), or upon some special optical effect, as in *opal* or *moonstone*. The cause of the colour of gemstones has been sought for many centuries, but even to-day much has still to be learnt. In some stones, such as *peridot*, of which one of the finest examples known is illustrated, the colour is an essential quality of the mineral. Other species, however, are often colourless when pure, and only take on their attractive colour when traces of impurity are present. *Beryl* is an example of this: the blue variety *aquamarine* and the greenish variety are shown here, but the stone may also appear in several other colours, including the deep green *emerald*. An unusual property sometimes displayed by *tourmaline* is a variegated coloration, part of the stone being, perhaps, pink and part green, thus reflecting small changes in the chemical

composition. The colours of some stones can be improved by suitable treatment. Nearly all the deep greenish-blue zircons on the market to-day have been artificially heated and were originally a shade of brown. By varying the conditions of heating colourless zircons may also be prepared. Few gemstones reveal their greatest beauty until they have been cut and polished. Many different styles of cutting, some of which are shown here, have been evolved through the centuries, and are designed to bring out the effect of the particular property which makes the stone attractive. In the brilliant cut latent "fire" is enhanced. The blue zircon is cut in this style. The trap or step cut permits variation in the thickness of the stone, and hence in the depth of colour. The *assessore* exemplifies this style and its effect. For stones

requiring a round surface, the ancient *cabochon* cut is retained. It enables special effects to be displayed, such as the delicate sheen shown by *moonstone*. The third prerequisite of a gemstone is *rarity*, which plays perhaps the most important part in determining the value. An interesting instance of the effect upon the market value was afforded by the introduction of artificially manufactured (synthetic) stones in the early years of this century; although they were for all practical purposes identical with genuine stones, the synthetics commanded only a very small fraction of the value of the natural gems. Some stones, however, are so uncommon that they have no regular market price. Among those shown here are *phenakite*, *scapolite*, *dansburite* and *legazite*, only discovered in 1945 and named after the country of its origin.

RESTORED TO THEIR PRISTINE SPLENDOUR: THE REMARKABLE SPENCER MONUMENTS.



TOMB OF SIR JOHN SPENCER (d. 1599; m. MARY CATELIN), BY JASPER HOLYMANS, OF BURTON-ON-TRENT, IN TOTTENHOE STONE. THE SOUTH PANEL HAD FLAKED AND HAD TO BE RE-CARVED AND REPAINTED.

THE tombs of the Spencer family in Great Brington Church, Northants, are exceptionally fine. The present Earl Spencer, who has brought great knowledge to the care of his famed collection of works of art at Althorp, recently turned his attention to the preservation of these monuments. He has had the dilapidated and flaked stonework re-carved and the monuments retouched where necessary by Mr. J. T. Reynolds and Mr. R. A. Simmons, both of Northampton, respectively working under his

[Continued below.]



TOMB OF THE FIRST BARON SPENCER OF WORMLEIGHTON, m. MARGARET WILLOUGHBY, WHO PREDECEASED HIM BY THIRTY YEARS, AND WHOSE COUNTERPANE OR COVERLET, WORKED WITH HERALDIC MOTIFS, IS UNIQUE; THIS IS ALSO BY HOLYMANS.



TOMB OF SIR JOHN SPENCER (d. 1522; m. ISABEL GRAUNT). THE PURCHASER OF ALTHORP. HE REBUILT THE CHANCEL AND NORTH CHAPEL.

Continued.] personal direction. The monuments of Sir John Spencer (d. 1599; m. Mary Catelin) and of his father, Sir John Spencer (d. 1586; m. Katharine Kitson), are by Jasper Holymans. The attribution by Mrs. Katharine Esdaile is confirmed by a receipt from Holymans, "on account for the works, £50," preserved among the Spencer papers. The first Sir John Spencer (d. 1522; m. Isabel Graunt) rebuilt the Chancel and North Chapel. The then rector of Great Brington was Thomas Heritage, and as he was later Surveyor of the King's Works at Westminster, it is reasonable to suppose that he was the architect. The first knight wears plate armour, is bare-headed, and has a scarlet



TOMB OF SIR JOHN SPENCER (d. 1586; m. KATHARINE KITSON), BY JASPER HOLYMANS, OF BURTON-ON-TRENT. DAME KATHARINE SPENCER WEARS A RUFF AND FLUTED HOOD.

mantle lined with green. Dame Isabel has long hair, and a close, reticulated head-dress with long lappets. Her white bodice surmounts a scarlet robe lined with gold. The immense hoods worn by the effigies of the Spencer ladies are remarkable, and the counterpane or coverlet, worked with heraldic motifs and pulled up stiffly to the waist of the figure of Margaret Spencer (*née* Willoughby), is unique. The heraldry of all the monuments is magnificent. The arms granted to William Spencer in 1504 and the ancient arms of the Despencer family, differenced with three shells, which were later resumed by the Spencers, are to be seen side by side on the monuments.

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A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. MAJOR AND MINOR MASTERS.

By FRANK DAVIS.

altogether—the extraordinary difference between a good and a bad print. A comparison of the original picture (Fig. 3) with Hollar's version is, I think, a sufficient proof of that excellent man's integrity and skill, for his etching does convey something of the Bishop's

less than to-day from shoddy photographic reproductions.

It is a far cry from this Van Dyck masterpiece to a modest landscape by an English painter who was as unknown to me as he probably is to the majority who glance at this page—for who can put his hand on his heart and assert that Nathaniel Fielding is a familiar name? Copley Fielding was his son. There were four other sons, whom he called Titian, Rembrandt and Raphael (I forget the fourth)—names which bear witness to the father's interests but which must surely have proved to be somewhat of a handicap in later life. Anyway, they are not remembered. Nathaniel, if this landscape is any criterion, "Stamford, Lincolnshire" (Fig. 2), is charming—he paints himself in shadow seated upon a bank in the foreground, with the town of Stamford spread out before him. He is no colourist and he seems to see the world as if it was airless in contrast to the clouds moving above, but his naivety is most engaging and his eye for detail photographic. It is thought that this unpretentious view was painted in 1788, when he moved from Yorkshire to London. It is surprising that he is not better known. It is more than likely that many pictures by him are masquerading under other names.

Those who find Nathaniel a trifle tame can move to an early Gainsborough, very much like a Winants, with a sandy hillock covered with bushes in the background, and to one of the few landscapes painted by Sir Joshua—I wish he had done more of them—or to a magisterial quiet Claude. There is another important Van Dyck, a version of "The Crowning with Thorns," an early Caravaggio, a fine seascape by that rare master Van de Capelle, a small Rubens, "Mercury and Argus," and—for most interests are catered for—a gay little landscape by James Ward and a study of a man by Rembrandt's pupil Govert Flück, which is clearly related to one of the figures in his picture of the Amsterdam Civic Guard of 1648. Paintings intended as models for tapestry are sometimes admired rather than loved. An enormous Boucher canvas, "La Bonne Aventure," has a personal interest, for in it the painter has introduced himself and his beautiful young wife, Marie Jeanne Buzeau, who was his model on so many occasions. It is one of a set commissioned by Oudry for the Beauvais factory. It was painted in 1736 or 1737, and it requires little imagination to understand how pleased and proud Boucher must have been at this important commission. He was then thirty-four and about to become the darling of fashion. But though his self-portrait remains in the picture, it is replaced in the



FIG. 1. A SOUVENIR OF GABRIEL DE ST. AUBIN'S FAREWELL VISIT TO THE CROZAT COLLECTION: A PAGE OF LIGHTNING SKETCHES OF PAINTINGS WHICH IT CONTAINED; WITH VAN DYCK'S "JAN MALDERUS" BOTTOM, RIGHT.

The Crozat pictures were purchased en bloc in 1771 by Catherine the Great, and became the foundation of the Hermitage collection. Gabriel de St. Aubin, paying a farewell visit to the Crozat treasures and strolling through the galleries with a catalogue, sketched in it with his crayon the likenesses of those paintings which most impressed him. The Van Dyck portrait of "Jan Malderus, Bishop of Antwerp" is depicted at the bottom, right. (Palais des Beaux Arts, Paris.)



FIG. 2. "STAMFORD, LINCOLNSHIRE": BY NATHANIEL FIELDING (1750-1814). (Canvas, 34½ by 46½ ins.) A view of the town taken from the Castle Mound with harvesters at work. The artist is seen seated upon a bank of the mound in the foreground. The churches (l. to r.) are All Saints', St. George's, St. John's, St. Mary's, and on the far right, St. Martin's. Nathaniel Fielding was the father of Copley Fielding.

It so happens that there is in existence a remarkable record of some of these Crozat pictures from the hand of that gifted chronicler of late eighteenth-century social life, Gabriel de St. Aubin. He paid the collection a farewell visit just before it was sent to Russia, strolled through the rooms with the catalogue in his hand, and made on a blank page little lightning sketches of the paintings which most impressed him (Fig. 1). But the portrait was well known and admired long before this, for it was etched in 1645 by Wenceslas Hollar, the industrious Czech who made his home in London; and this brings me to another subject

Lommelin's print, by the way, purports to be after the original picture; it is manifestly machine-made, as it were, not from the painting but from Hollar's etching. Had Lommelin's print been done from the painting it would, of course, have been in reverse, as is the Hollar version—that is, the engraver draws his subject on to the copper plate, he obtains the impression by pressing a sheet of paper on to the plate, and so, when the paper is turned over, the resulting print is seen in reverse. Thus could the reputation of great painters suffer before the age of the camera from ham-fisted interpreters, no

force of character and dignified bearing, and of the subtleties of Van Dyck's painting—that is, as far as such imponderables can be translated into a different medium. But when a minor man such as Lommelin tries his hand at the same subject—the bright eye, the commanding presence are lost, and instead we see a brutish dullard staring dyspeptically at nothing. Adrian



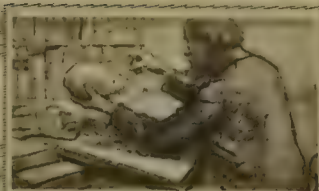
FIG. 3. "JAN MALDERUS, BISHOP OF ANTWERP": BY SIR ANTHONY VAN DYCK (1599-1642). (Canvas, 45½ by 38 ins.)

This noble portrait was one of the ornaments of the Crozat collection. The subject (b. 1562) was created Bishop of Antwerp by Albert and Isabella during the siege of Antwerp 1611, and Archbishop of Malines in the same year. His portrait was one of the Crozat treasures sketched by Gabriel de St. Aubin when he paid his farewell visit to the collection before it went to Russia.

tapestry itself by an impersonal model—presumably because this self-confident gesture was thought to be a trifle impertinent.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



THE LANGUAGE OF INTENTION-MOVEMENTS.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

IT is a habit I have developed, especially in relation to birds, of counting numbers, or of estimating heights, distances and speeds. Too often an observation is made and when it is too late it is found that these apparently trivial matters have a fair importance if conclusions are to be drawn from it. So, when I looked at this crowd of gulls on the Thames, my first action was to count them. It was not easy, since they were in constant erratic movement. Some were on the water, others wheeling in the air, and as one or more settled on the water, others would take off. Or they would all rise and weave in a screaming, wheeling mass. Well, there is a satisfaction in merely watching natural movements, and in any case, it was the end of the day and of my walk. The sun was gone and the grey of evening settling in. Suddenly I realised that all the gulls had landed on the water and were sitting in a compact group, their heads all pointed in one direction. Here was my opportunity to check my earlier count; and hardly was this done when the whole twenty-one rose from the water and headed west, towards their habitual roosting-place, with a precision and simultaneity that was, for a moment, rather breath-taking. Certainly it was impressive; it looked unreal.

I have often watched, on different parts of the Thames or in London's parks the departure of the gulls in the evening for their dormitories in the Staines-Windsor area. The usual pattern of their movements is similar to that already described, but with a difference. There is a settling of the birds on the water. Then some of them take off, followed by others, until finally all are airborne and ascending in a wide spiral, more or less over the spot from which they have arisen. After flying around for a fraction of a minute, sometimes a minute or more, they finally head west in a rugged crowd which soon emerges into one or more chevron formations. Although this description serves as an average, the behaviour varies, especially with the state of the wind, the stronger the wind the less regular the movements.

One naturally speculates on who initiates and determines the movement and why, when and how is it so initiated? The students of animal behaviour now recognise what they have called intention-movements. When a bird is about to take off in flight there are preliminary movements of the body, preparatory to the action about to be performed. The bird can carry out such movements, then inhibit the actual take-off, and nothing has happened to change the equilibrium of the body. The movements are indicative of intention, but have no other significance. The same is true of any action performed by any animal, or of human beings, for that matter. As the inner urge to perform a final, purposive action gathers force, it is accompanied by a series of movements, slight in themselves yet revealing an intention. These intention-movements, the hypothesis proceeds, are carried out in the same way by all members of a species and, because they lead to an understanding of each other's intentions, they constitute a form of language. The hypothesis goes farther than this, but for our present purpose it will be sufficient to consider intention-movements only.

If we see a group of starlings fly from a roof-top, to all intents simultaneously, it looks as though either there is a leader dictating what the rest shall do, or some form of thought-transference has taken place

between the members of the flock. The accepted explanation now is that the mood of one member to fly off was accompanied by an intention-movement. This was seen by the rest, stimulating them to the

all fly off, with no perceptible difference in the timing. The whole idea is so delightfully simple and satisfying that it captures our imagination and compels conviction—until we look into it a little more closely.

To return to my twenty-one gulls, we see in their behaviour on that particular afternoon an exception to the normal, and exceptions often shed more light on the normal than does a study of the normal itself. In this instance, the abnormal features were the sudden and completely simultaneous settling on the water of the whole group, their orientation while still on the water, with their heads to the west, and the sudden and precisely simultaneous rising from the water to fly westwards, the whole taking place with a precision that could not be exceeded by a platoon of well-drilled soldiers acting upon words of command. All this is apparently in accord with the intention-movement theory, except that we should then have to explain why, normally, the manoeuvre is not carried out with this precision. More important still, we have to explain why the twenty-one gulls, which up till then had acted in such an individualistic and erratic manner, should suddenly have exhibited a group discipline. If we still accept the intention-movements idea, then we must assume that sometimes it works and sometimes not. In other words, that it does not operate except under limited and particular conditions. In which case, it is subsidiary and not primary in its importance.

London's gulls come in from their roosting-places each morning and go out to them again in the evening. This daily movement varies. As the days lengthen, their time of arrival becomes progressively earlier and the time of departure becomes later. It is related to the rising and setting of the sun, if not governed by it. Moreover, the daily migration is now a matter of habit, which means, we may suppose, that a bodily rhythm has been developed. Therefore, as the time of departure approaches, there is an inner urge and, combined with it, a stimulus

derived from the position of the sun. These two, and perhaps other factors, such as fatigue, become cumulative so that at a given moment each individual is particularly receptive to any signal that will release in it actions culminating in departure. This much is plausible and one can compare it with a similar situation for human beings, when the signal would probably be the words: "Let's go." This spoken signal is a releaser, an exaggerated form of intention-movement, incapable of being misunderstood and answered in a specific way by the individuals to whom it is addressed.

None of the gulls made a sound just before departure, and it can only be assumed that the releaser signal was visual. But which of the gulls made it and in what did it consist? Or was the releaser extra-sensory—some form of telepathy? We cannot entirely rule out this last possibility, but the use of a visual signal is the more likely. Where the gulls rise in succession, the use of a visual releaser seems obvious, and the whole process can be reconstructed in one's mind. When, however, the departure is so markedly synchronised, one is left with these alternative explanations:

either the releaser is not visual; or a gull's eye is more acutely receptive to small detail than the human eye, and the process by which visual stimuli are translated into bodily movement is much quicker than we normally suspect.



ILLUSTRATING AN INTENTION-MOVEMENT WHICH CULMINATED IN FLIGHT: A SERIES OF PHOTOGRAPHS SHOWING A BLACK-HEADED GULL'S REACTIONS TO THE APPROACH OF A PHOTOGRAPHER.

In the top photograph the gull shows by its alert appearance that it is ready to take off, but its intention to do so is not sufficiently advanced that it cannot be inhibited if the approach of the photographer goes no farther. The shadow under the wing shows that the wings are slightly lifted in an intention-movement (towards flight). In the centre photograph the gull has raised its wings preparatory for flight but could have resumed its quiescent pose if the photographer had retreated. In the bottom photograph the gull has taken off in flight as the photographer came nearer and is accompanied by another gull which may have been influenced by the first gull's intention-movement.

Photographs by Neave Parker.

same mood. There follows an epidemic, so to speak, of the same intention-movements, which are precursors of the act of flying off. The mood and the movements gather strength, with stimulation and reaction as from one individual to another, until ultimately they



PART OF THE EQUIPMENT TO BE USED BY THE EXPEDITION: RENÉ AUBERT (LEFT) WEARING SOME OF THE NEWEST TYPE OF CLIMBER'S CLOTHING, AND RAYMOND LAMBERT WEARING THE "THIRD LUNG," TO BE USED BY THE ASSAULT PARTY AT HIGH ALTITUDES.

(Continued.)

his breath down into the canister; the moisture releases oxygen, which is carried up through a ventilator into a plastic sack resting against his shoulder. From this artificial extra lung the pure oxygen is drawn through an ingenious system of valves into the mouth. The climbers will rely on this apparatus to keep them alive in the upper danger zone. The tents to be used are isothermic, double canvas, and lined with swansdown. The sleeping-bags have pneumatic mattresses, which are easily inflated, and they are wind- and water-proof. Each man will have several pairs of gloves, first in silk then in wool, covered in down like his jacket and trousers, which insulate against heat as well as cold. As an overcoat each climber will wear a long, double monk's cowl of silk and nylon, which reaches below the knees. A most interesting article on the outlook for the Swiss attempt on Mount Everest, written by M. André Roch, an experienced Himalayan mountaineer and a member of the main assault group, recently appeared in *The Times*. Writing from Katmandu, he said: "From here a fortnight's march in the green valleys will take the party to its base camp at 5000 metres on the Khumbu glacier facing the labyrinth which has become known as the 'ice-fall.' . . . Our arrival at the base camp will be too early for the ascent, but that will allow a reasonable time for acclimatisation. . . . The final assault will be the work of a team of perhaps six climbers, who set off together and make the tracks in relays, until the two strongest can push on to the summit. If all six can reach the top, so much the better, but we shall not expect too much. In all previous attempts a team of two has made the assault. One of them has weakened and the assault has failed. We shall hope to make as many attempts with as many people as possible, to increase the chances of success. The suitable period for the attempt on Everest is very short. Spring is too cold, summer is the rainy season which showers great quantities of snow on the mountain and makes it dangerous. Autumn is again too cold. We must therefore take advantage of the end of the spring before the rains. Even before the monsoon the weather is not always good, and the mountain has in the past had frequent storms during this period. Before the monsoon, the summit of Everest is swept by a terrible west wind, which makes approach by the northern route extremely arduous and dangerous. The south-east ridge seems to be sheltered from this blizzard. But we know all too well from the experience of previous expeditions that conditions vary greatly year by year. The morale of the members is of great importance on such an expedition as this. . . . In this respect the team is the best that could be chosen. Its members have already made ascents together in the Alps for many years." Before the Swiss mountaineers left Switzerland they received many farewell messages and good wishes for their success. M. Gustav Hasler, spokesman of the Swiss Foundation for Alpine Research, wired to the members of the Expedition: "Make a brave try. But be brave too, even in retreat. Come home safely; all of you."

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TAKING UP THE CHALLENGE: THE SWISS ATTEMPT TO CONQUER MOUNT EVEREST, AND SOME OF THE NEW EQUIPMENT WHICH WILL BE USED BY MEMBERS OF THE EXPEDITION.

MEMBERS of the Swiss Mount Everest Expedition, who are to attempt to scale the world's highest mountain, arrived in Katmandu, the capital of Nepal, at the end of March. The expedition, which expects to remain in the Himalaya until late in June, has been organised by the Swiss Foundation for Alpine Research under its president Charles Weber. All its members are from Geneva and are considered collectively to be the strongest team that their country could elect for the great task of climbing Everest. The leader and physiologist of the expedition is Dr. Edouard Wyss-Dunant, a medical practitioner from Geneva and a veteran Alpine and Asian mountaineer. Leader of the assault party is René Dittert, who has a fine record of climbs in Nepal. Another outstanding climber is André Roch, engineer of the Swiss Institute for Avalanche Research on the Weiszfliuhjoch; and a third is Raymond Lambert, the mountain guide who has no toes. These men will be supported by René Aubert, Jean-Jacques Asper, Pierre Charles Bonnant, Léon Flory Ernst Hoffstetter, and Dr. Gabriel Chevalley, who climbed Ahi Gamín with Dittert in 1950. Others not in the assault group are Mme. Lobsinger-Dellenbach, ethnologist of the Geneva Museum, Albert Zimmermann, botanist, and Professor Augustin Lombard, geologist. The expedition will have the benefit of the newest types of camp and climbing equipment. Previous Himalayan assaults have made it evident that a human being cannot live long above 8500 metres; a supply of oxygen is necessary. For the use of the climbers and their sherpas a handy "third lung" has been devised by the Physiological Institute of Zurich under the direction of Professor Oscar Wyss. This apparatus, which can be seen in the photograph on this page, weighs just over 2 lb. The container rests on the climber's chest, the featherweight plastic mouthpiece reaching up to his lips. When in use, a central tube carries

(Continued below, left.)



SPECIALLY MADE FOR THE CLIMBERS BY A GERMAN BALLOON FACTORY: "LA COUCHETTE," A SLEEPING-BAG WITH A PNEUMATIC MATTRESS WHICH IS INFLATED IN A FEW MINUTES.

ELEVEN HUNDRED YEARS OF THE WORSHIP OF APOLLO OF THE WOODLANDS: WORKS OF ART DISCOVERED AND NEW LIGHT ON THE ANCIENT SANCTUARY AT CURIUM, IN THE ISLAND OF CYPRUS.

By GEORGE H. McFADDEN (of the University of Pennsylvania Museum Expedition to Curium, in Cyprus.)

THE expedition of the University of Pennsylvania Museum began excavations at Curium (Kourion) in 1934, and has continued work intermittently on several neighbouring sites, with a break of some years during and after the war. Work during the last season was limited to the sanctuary of Apollo Hylates. This site, about two miles west of the remains of ancient Curium, and at about twelve miles west of the modern port of Limassol, is pleasantly situated in scrub forest behind a series of imposing white cliffs on Episkopi Bay. It was from one of these cliffs, the geographer Strabo tells us, writing in the time of Augustus, that those who touched the altar of the god were flung into the sea. Traces of two walls leading from the sanctuary to a cliff to the south lend colour and interest to this ancient tradition.

There were two entrances to the sanctuary. The one led through the Paphos Gate (Fig. 1), excavated before the war, which brought one to a large paved square between the north-west and the south buildings. The more important approach, however, was from the direction of the ancient city immediately to the north of the south-east building. A spacious stairway here brought one up to the Curium Gate, at the east end of the great square.

During the last two seasons excavations were confined to the south and south-east buildings. The great south building is an imposing structure measuring 189 by 58 ft., approximately. Completely buried when excavation began but now cleared and in part restored, it gives a good impression of how it once must have appeared before final destruction. It is unique in plan, and therefore of particular interest to the archaeologist. The building consists of five identical rooms separated by four long, narrow passages. Access to these rooms was from a portico with a Doric colonnade

Excavations during the last season have uncovered some of the remains of an earlier building, apparently somewhat similar in plan, though smaller, under the floor-levels of the building of 101 A.D. It is clear that this earlier building was destroyed by earthquake. The only recorded earthquake during the period preceding the completion of the new building is that of 76-77 A.D. Literary sources inform us that an earthquake in this year destroyed the important Cypriot cities of Paphos and Salamis, and it seems reasonable to assume that it is the one which shook our sanctuary. This earthquake was, we suppose, the occasion for the rebuilding programme which followed and which terminated probably in 114 A.D., when, according to another important inscription, the unfinished part of the pavement leading to the Paphos Gate was completed.

The traditional Apollo of the sanctuary was Apollo Hylates (Apollo of the Woodlands). We have his temple at the end of a paved street leading from the square. Prior to the discovery of our inscription we had no knowledge of an Apollo Caesar. We may have in the north-west building another larger temple of Apollo. If it is a temple, it has two naves instead of the usual one. These communicate at the north end. It is possible that as a result of an imperial grant-in-aid for the restoration of the sanctuary after its destruction by earthquake, the people in gratitude decided to establish a cult of Apollo Caesar, and when they rebuilt the main temple of Apollo they enlarged it by adding a second nave on the west side. The east nave then would have been dedicated to Apollo Hylates; and the west to Apollo Caesar. It is also very possible, however, that this building is not a

temple but simply a pair of communicating *exedrae*, much like those of the south building.

The purpose of the south building is unknown. If the word *prytaneum*, or senate house, which occurs on the fragment of a stone inscription from one of the rooms, refers to this building, it would have been the administrative office of the sanctuary. It is also possible, and probably more likely, that the five *exedrae* served as hostels for important delegations to the sanctuary, and perhaps each one of the principal Cypriot cities had its own *exedra* for this purpose. Whether originally constructed, however, as offices or club-houses, it is very probable that these rooms housed some of the more important dedications to Apollo and served various purposes as occasion might demand.

The south-east building stands immediately to the east of the south building (Figs. 1 and 2). It measures approximately 125 by 88 ft. and is built round a large, rectangular court with porticoes on all four sides. Square piers, each with two engaged half-columns in the Doric order, stood at the four corners. The north-west pier is preserved to its full height of 11½ ft. The engaged columns face a row of free columns composed of unfluted drums between the four piers. One entered the building from the eastern approach to the sanctuary through a porch on the north side at the foot of a broad stairway leading to the Curium Gate. A great doorway brought one into the north portico. Access to two important rooms was through

the west portico. The most important of these has a pedestal with a moulded base at the far end. Later a bench was added on either side. Two female marble heads came from the debris over this room, both of good workmanship. One (Fig. 15) is possibly a representation of Aphrodite; the other (Fig. 13) may be also a goddess or an idealised portrait of a Roman lady of the second century A.D. The head, torso, and other fragments of another fine bit of sculpture in white marble, also from recent excavations, are illustrated in Fig. 12.

Room 1, to the south, has a continuous \sqcap -shaped bench along the walls. This plan reminds us of the *exedra* of the south building. The excavators have replaced in part the fallen east wall of these rooms fronting the portico, with parts of two doors and two complete windows, including stone sills, jambs and cornices (Fig. 2). These windows later were turned into niches. The statue for one of these was found in

[Continued opposite page.]

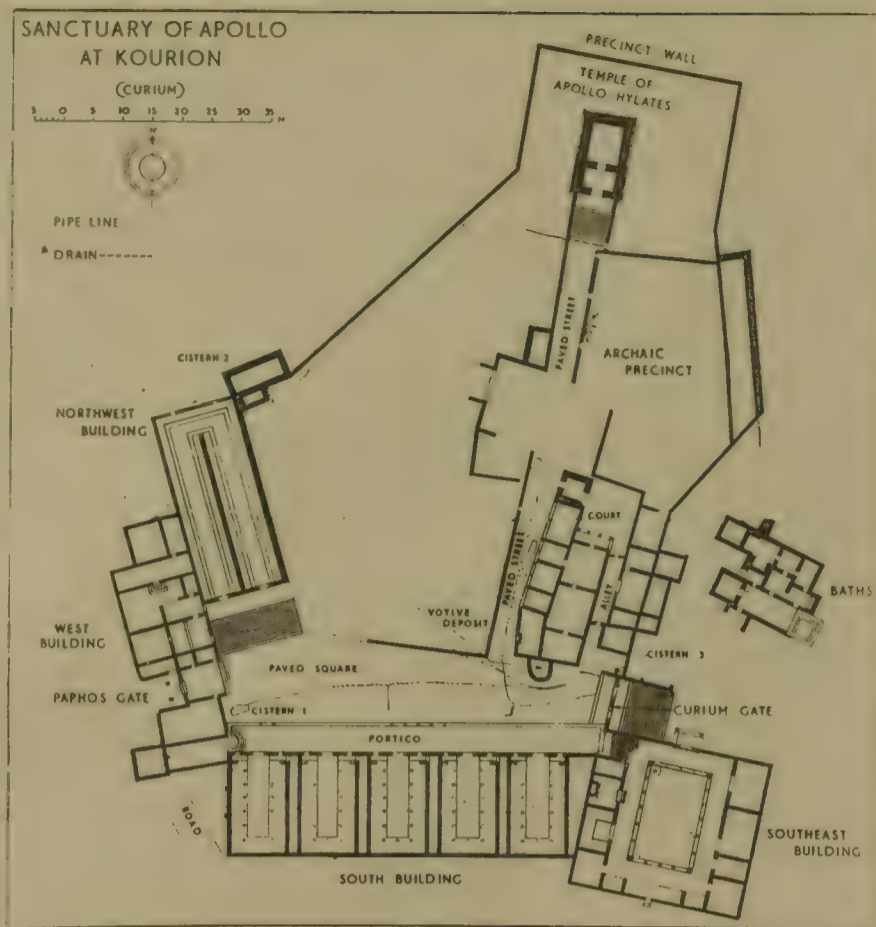


FIG. 1. A PLAN OF THE SANCTUARY OF APOLLO AT CURIUM (KOURION), IN CYPRUS, THE EXCAVATION OF WHICH IS DISCUSSED IN THE ARTICLE ON THIS PAGE.

Particular points of interest are: (at the foot) the South Building with its five *exedrae* (Fig. 3); (right) the South-East Building (Fig. 2); (above, left and right) the Paphos and Curium gates; (left, above) the curious double-naved North-West Building, which may be a joint temple to Apollo Hylates and Apollo Caesar; and (upper right) the archaic precinct, the source of most of the archaic terracottas and ex-votos.



FIG. 2. THE NORTH-WEST CORNER OF THE SOUTH-EAST BUILDING, SHOWING THE STAIR LEADING TO THE PORTICO FRONTING THE SOUTH BUILDING; AND (LEFT, CENTRE) THE WINDOW NICHES, IN ONE OF WHICH ORIGINALLY STOOD THE STATUE OF A YOUTH SHOWN IN FIG. 10.

which runs the length of the building on the north side, extending eastward to the south-east building. A large doorway brings one into the centre of each room (Fig. 3). A raised continuous \sqcap -shaped platform runs around three sides behind a colonnade in the Doric order. Two smaller doors on either side of the central door lead to the east and west arms of the \sqcap -shaped platform behind the colonnade. A dedicatory inscription, found in its original position in the fallen north wall, informs us that these rooms were called *exedrae*, and that Trajan in the year 101 A.D., during his fourth consulship, constructed the last two *exedrae* (the two most westerly ones) and dedicated them to Apollo Caesar and to Apollo Hylates. This information has been invaluable in that it provides (1) a fixed point in our relative chronology, (2) a clue to the purpose of the building, and, finally, (3) a possible explanation of the curious plan of the north-west building.



FIG. 3. ONE OF THE *EXEDRAE* OF THE SOUTH BUILDING AT CURIUM, SHOWING THE \sqcap -SHAPED PILLARED PLATFORM WHICH RUNS ROUND THREE SIDES OF THE MAIN FLOOR.

AMONG THE FIRST OFFERINGS TO APOLLO OF THE
WOODLANDS: ARCHAIC BRONZES AND FIGURINES
FROM THE SANCTUARY OF CURIUM, IN CYPRUS.



FIG. 4. A WARRIOR IN BRONZE, FOUND AT CURIUM. PROBABLY CYPRIOT WORK OF THE SIXTH OR SEVENTH CENTURY B.C. 4 INS. HIGH.



FIG. 5. A DELIGHTFUL BRONZE STATUETTE OF A FAWN, PROBABLY EARLY FIFTH CENTURY B.C. IN ANCIENT TIMES THE SANCTUARY WAS SURROUNDED BY A DEER PARK AND DEDICATED TO APOLLO OF THE WOODLANDS. ABOUT 3½ INS. HIGH.



FIG. 6. A TERRACOTTA FIGURINE OF THE ARCHAIC PERIOD, PROBABLY EQUESTRIAN, LIKE FIG. 7. THOUGHT TO ORIGINATE FROM A PAPHOS WORKSHOP. ABOUT 8 INS. HIGH.



FIG. 7. AN EQUESTRIAN TERRACOTTA FIGURINE, IN PHRYGIAN CAP AND BEARING A SUN-GOD SHIELD. STATED TO BE FROM A CURIUM WORKSHOP. ABOUT 7½ INS. HIGH.

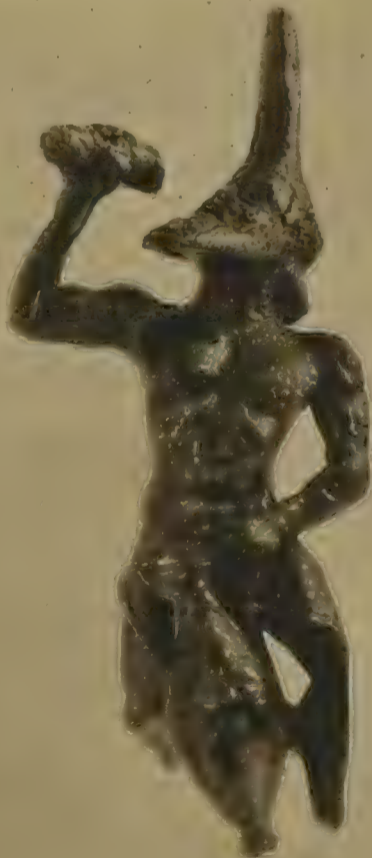


FIG. 8. AN EXCEPTIONALLY LIVELY BRONZE STATUETTE OF A DRINKING SATYR—FINE GREEK WORK OF THE EARLY FIFTH CENTURY B.C. REPRODUCED NATURAL SIZE.



FIG. 9. A FRAGMENT OF A LOW RELIEF IN BRONZE, ABOUT 3½ INS. HIGH. THE HIND-QUARTERS ARE PROBABLY THOSE OF A RAMPANT SPHINX OR GRIFFIN.

building, probably after the completion of the south building. A coin of Antoninus Pius, found under one of the steps, is evidence that the stairway leading up to the south building portico was constructed at least as late as the mid-second century. The plan of the south-east building resembles that of three types of building popular in antiquity: the *agora*, or market-place; the guild hall; and the *palæstra*, or small gymnasium. The court of the *palæstra* was used for boxing and wrestling matches and for other sports which did not require very much space. The statue in the niche would suggest that our building is a *palæstra*, and that some kind of ball game was played in the rectangular open court. The presiding deity then would have stood probably on the pedestal in room 2.

A large stone storage vessel for fresh water was found *in situ* in the north-west corner of the court. It was fed by a lead pipe and there is a drain beneath it. This would have catered conveniently to the needs of the young contestants. Moreover, in rooms 1, 9 and 10, all of which appear to have been *exedrae*, we may have the roomy recesses with seats where philosophers and rhetoricians may sit and converse, and without which, Vitruvius tells us, no *palæstra* is complete. Conveniently near, too, for the contestants after exercise were the baths across the way, north of the eastern approach to the sanctuary. The sanctuary goes back to the eighth century B.C., but no architectural remains can be identified as belonging to so early a date. Our evidence comes from the votive offerings,

(Continued overleaf, centre.)

(Continued.)

the niche. It is almost complete and is of a nude standing youth in the act of casting a stone (Fig. 10). His right hand holds the one he is about to cast, and he has a reserve of two in his left hand. He appears to be either the god Apollo or some anonymous athlete participating in a ball game. Rooms 1, 2 and 3 belonged at one time to an earlier building antedating the south building, and possibly also the earthquake of 76-77 A.D. Later they were incorporated, with some modifications, in the south-east

(Continued below.)

VESTIGES OF THE IMPERIAL ROMAN GLORIES OF THE CURIUM SHRINE OF APOLLO.



FIG. 10. ORIGINALLY STANDING IN A NICHE OVERLOOKING THE PALÆSTRA OF THE SOUTH-EAST BUILDING: THE MARBLE STATUE OF A YOUTH OR GOD, PLAYING A BALL-GAME.



FIG. 13. PROBABLY A GODDESS OR AN IDEALISED PORTRAIT OF A ROMAN LADY OF THE SECOND CENTURY A.D.: A FINE HEAD FOUND, AMONG DÉBRIS WHILE EXCAVATING THE SOUTH-EAST ROOM.

Continued.

The *ex voto* objects found here bring us from the fifth century B.C. to the second century A.D. As a result of these two interesting deposits we can trace the history of terracotta figurine-making over a period of a thousand years from a single workshop. Some of the figurines are illustrated in Figs. 6, 7 and 14. Other finds include some notable bronzes which are illustrated in Figs. 4, 5, 8, 9 and 11. *Ælian* (170-235 A.D.) tells us that the country round about the sanctuary was a deer park. This statement is confirmed by a number of interesting coins from the excavations. The type bears on the obverse the youthful head of



FIG. 11. THE OBTUSE OF A BRONZE MEDALLION OF THE SECOND CENTURY A.D., SHOWING THE HEADS OF THE ROMAN EMPEROR MARCUS AURELIUS, AND HIS SUCCESSOR, THE YOUTHFUL COMMODUS.

Continued.

which include great quantities of terracotta figurines and a considerable number of small juglets. The figurines come from two main deposits. The earlier was scattered over the Archaic precinct (Fig. 1). The figurines and pottery here date from the eighth century B.C. The contents were buried probably after some upheaval in the fifth century B.C. The second deposit came from a shallow pit lined with a rubble

(Continued below.)



FIG. 14. A TERRACOTTA FIGURINE FROM AN AMATHUS WORKSHOP. ALTHOUGH OF THE ROMAN PERIOD (SECOND CENTURY A.D.), IT IS STRONGLY ARCHAISTIC AND PERHAPS REPRESENTS A LOCAL TRADITION. NEARLY 8½ INS. HIGH. COMPARE FIGS. 6 AND 7.

HELLENISTIC SCULPTURES OF TRAJAN'S DAY FROM A CYPRUS SANCTUARY OF APOLLO.



FIG. 12. A FINE HEAD AND TORSO IN WHITE MARBLE, HELLENISTIC WORK OF THE EARLY ROMAN PERIOD, DEDICATED TO APOLLO IN GRATITUDE FOR RECOVERY FROM ILLNESS.



FIG. 15. A WHITE MARBLE HEAD FROM THE SOUTH-EAST BUILDING, THOUGHT TO BE AN APHRODITE AND PROBABLY FROM THE SAME WORKSHOP AS FIG. 13. HELLENISTIC, EARLY ROMAN PERIOD.

Apollo, and on the reverse a deer with sucking young. Such a type is listed in the Cyprus catalogue of coins in the British Museum. Once of unknown identity and provenance, it would appear now that they came from Curium. Ours are to be dated to the fourth century B.C. The sanctuary was destroyed by the earthquakes of the fourth century, when the site was abandoned. Since then it became a quarry for cheap building material elsewhere until the University of Pennsylvania surveyed the place for systematic excavation before the war, when little or nothing remained visible above ground.



(ABOVE.) SHOWN IN H.M.S. *CROSSBOW* DURING AN EXERCISE WITH DUMMY BOMBS, THREE OF WHICH ARE SEEN IN THE AIR: THE NAVY'S NEW ANTI-SUBMARINE WEAPON, "THE SQUID," WHICH FIRES UNDERWATER BOMBS AHEAD OF THE SHIP.

"THE SQUID" IN ACTION: A NEW ANTI-SUBMARINE WEAPON OF GREAT POWER, JUST RELEASED FROM THE ROYAL NAVY'S SECRET LIST.

ON this page we give two of the first photographs to be released by the Admiralty of "The Squid," the Royal Navy's new powerful anti-submarine weapon, which, until now, has been on the secret list. It is a multi-barrelled mortar which fires a pattern of underwater bombs ahead of the ship and is now carried by most of the Royal Navy's destroyers and frigates. The underwater bombs used have such destructive power that they can crack the toughest submarine hull should they explode within a certain area around the target. Our photographs were taken during recent exercises at sea, when practice bombs were used. Three of the missiles are seen in the air, having been discharged from the stern of the destroyer H.M.S. *Crossbow* (1980 tons) and, in the lower photograph, one is being recovered from the sea. As may be clearly seen, the bombs are shot to a good height right over the vessel and explode at a fixed depth beneath the surface, well in advance of her. The latest fast anti-submarine frigates have an improved version of the weapon. Last year, when Mr. Callaghan, who was then Parliamentary Secretary to the Admiralty, announced the new weapon, he said that it located the target and fired automatically; and described it as "most remarkable evidence of the way anti-submarine weapons have developed since the last war." The new "Squid," details of which are not released, was tested at sea last summer.



(RIGHT.) RECOVERING A DUMMY BOMB FROM THE SEA DURING EXERCISES WITH "THE SQUID," A MULTI-BARRELLED MORTAR, NOW CARRIED BY MOST OF THE ROYAL NAVY'S FRIGATES AND DESTROYERS: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN H.M.S.

BATTLEFLEET

THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.

MAINLY NON-ADULT.

By ALAN DENT.

THE first time I recognised the peculiar flavour of first-rate prose-writing was when I was around eleven, and studying my first Shakespeare play, "As You Like It," at school. The class was reading aloud in turn, and there fell to my lot the words of Charles the wrestler: "They say he is already in the forest of Arden, and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England: they say many young gentlemen flock to him every day, and fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world."

Some three years earlier, when I was only just beginning to be able to read at all, I had made that popular hero's acquaintance in a little buff-brown paper book—one of W. T. Stead's "Books for the Bairns," as the series was called—and thought him and Little John and Friar Tuck pleasant company, though I also thought Maid Marian rather a simperer.

And now, forty years later, I go to see the film of "Robin Hood and his Merrie Men," and I receive almost exactly the same pleasant impression of this ballady company of romantic outlaws. Mr. Walt Disney has lent at least his patronage to this film (if nothing else that is discernible)—and Technicolor has done its glamorous utmost—and Mr. Ken Annakin has produced lavishly. And there is a goodly cast with Richard Todd as Robin Hood, James Robertson Justice as Little John, James Hayter being joviality itself as Friar Tuck, Peter Finch being effectively malignant as the Sheriff of Nottingham, and Joan Rice alternately pouting and simpering as Maid Marian. The effect is strictly non-adult. But doubtless that was precisely the intention, and doubtless it would be uncritical to judge this film on any other plane. I happened to see it on a Saturday morning, when the audience seemed to consist very largely of ten-year-old boys accompanied by their fathers. The boys wriggled with excitement, and their parents were agog, and the enjoyment of both I found irresistibly infectious.

One or two qualms, naturally, assailed me, else my profession would not be what it is. The events of the film being spread over two years at least, it seemed a little odd that Sherwood Forest should all that time be clothed in the intensest green of the youngest beech-leaves. Even Charles the wrestler did not say that the Forest of Arden enjoyed a perpetual spring—and is there not later in his play a song about the winter wind proving nearly as unkind as man's ingratitude? But in the Forest of Sherwood the leaves never thicken or grow sere or flutter to earth. It is for ever spring, and we are for ever beautifully young. (Perhaps the intention is exactly that, once again?)

Also I could not prevent myself thinking—now and then, and here and there—that the language was less vivid than the action, and that that action was inclined to naivety's side, that the villains, in furs and jewels, need not have been quite so blackly and so unflinchingly villainous, and that the heroes, in their Lincoln green, need not have been all the time so undeviatingly, so blamelessly white. But every time an arrow whanged—and fortunately five minutes never pass without an arrow whanging in this film—such qualms and queries were sent about their business, and the most adult among us were seven years old again. The film of "Robin Hood," in short, is bound for universal

popularity, in spite of the critical jeers and "tut-tuts" it has received on all sides.

There comes a moment in this film when Robin Hood, still young in misdeeds and not yet outlawed, receives as a prize for his skill in archery a golden arrow from the hands of none other than Queen Eleanor of Aquitaine (who is none other than Martita Hunt, and is therefore most graciously presented). Without a second's hesitation, Robin Hood places his golden arrow in the hands of Maid Marian, who receives it with perfect complacency as her due. There comes a moment in another new film, "Ten Tall Men," in which the Foreign Legion hero (Burt Lancaster) pins

a newly-received medal on the bosom of the desert nymph he happens to be chasing at the moment. The actions are similar. But there is all the difference in the world between them—the difference between chivalry and its modern wry and cynical counterpart. "Ten Tall Men" is not a film to waste one's time over. It is lurid and flashy and meretricious and dull. But it will be as popular among film-goers who think they are grown-up as "Robin Hood" will be popular among those who know they are not. The critic of *The Times* dismissed "Ten Tall Men" as neatly as it can be dismissed, with the phrase: "A childish, a deliberately childish, film, but the motto 'the more childish the better' is not a bad one for a producer with his eye fixed on the box-office." All the same,

this film has begun its tour of Great Britain at a major cinema not a thousand yards from the statue of Eros, and its triumphal progress will not begin without a solitary protest from me against its wholly unedifying nature. Mr. Lancaster is a good enough actor to choose a better vehicle for his athletic charm.

At the other extreme—in fact, almost too adult for my taste—is the Japanese film called "Rashomon," which has struck most of the critics all of a heap. This is a collector's piece for anyone who fancies the bizarre and out-of-the-way. Its simple little story—set at a period some 1200 years ago—is of a knight travelling through a forest with his bride, and waylaid by a bandit who violates the bride before the knight's eyes and then kills him. This is a rough sketch or indication of what really happens, for the tale is told in four or five different versions by bystanders or participants, each from his

own interested angle. The narrations are made by a little group of men sitting in a shelter under a deluge of rain. Occasionally we revert from the narrative in progress to this little group, and we note that those who are listening in the background are squatting in utter immobility.

This took me back to a phase of my childhood which must have been before I could even read, and when I used to gaze at a Japanese brush-rack on which were exactly such figures grouped, to no apparent purpose, round a table. It was, I seem to remember, my Peggotty's brush-rack, and I can faintly recall my Peggotty's irritation at my asking persistent questions as to the meaning of this Japanese picture, since she knew no more than I did and cared rather less. (I must then have been just about the age of Master David when the waiter in the hotel at Yarmouth drank the ale that had been ordered for the boy's dinner as he travelled from home to school.)

At this time of day I could ask even more numerous and more persistent questions about this Japanese picture "Rashomon." But there is no one to ask! The film's direction alternates between the crude and the sophisticated. There is one unforgettable and miraculous shot, when the crime is supposed to be actually happening and we see nothing but a tracery of leaves overhead with the sun trying to pierce them, while the camera revolves rapidly. This makes one dizzy in the aesthetic as well as the physical sense. The bandit, let it also be said, is strikingly well played by an actor who expounds various sorts of laughter quite unknown to Western lungs and larynxes, and including angry, scornful, defiant, triumphant, malignant and desperate varieties. But the rest, about this film, must be the silence of ignorance.



"A collector's piece for anyone who fancies the bizarre and out-of-the-way": the Japanese film "Rashomon," showing the three men—a servant (Kichijiro Ueda), a priest (Minoru Chiaki) and a woodcutter (Takashi Shimura), who make the narrations while sheltering from torrential rain under the ruined great gate of the city of Kyoto.



A simple little story set at a period some 1200 years ago, when Japan was torn by civil war: "Rashomon," a scene from the film in which the bandit (Toshiro Mifune) points out to the woman (Machiko Kyo) where he has bound up her husband; later he forcefully takes her to the scene. The film is based on a Japanese novel, "In a Bush."



"The film's direction alternates between the crude and the sophisticated": "Rashomon," directed by Akira Kurosawa, which won the 1951 Grand Prize at the Venice Festival—a scene from the film showing the nobleman (Masayuki Mori) and the bandit (Toshiro Mifune) fighting a fierce battle with swords.

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PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



WITH THE INFANT CROWN PRINCE: KING FAROUK OF EGYPT AND HIS YOUNG QUEEN NARRIMAN.

Queen Narriman, wife of King Farouk of Egypt, gave birth to a son and heir to the Throne on Wednesday, January 16. The news was received with great joy throughout their country. Our photograph is the first to be taken of the King and the infant heir to the Throne of Egypt, who bears the title of Prince of Said.



APPOINTED PREMIER OF TUNISIA ON MARCH 28 IN SUCCESSION TO M. CHENIK: M. BACCOUCHE.



THE BEY OF TUNIS, WHO AGREED TO APPOINT M. BACCOUCHE PREMIER IN PLACE OF M. CHENIK.



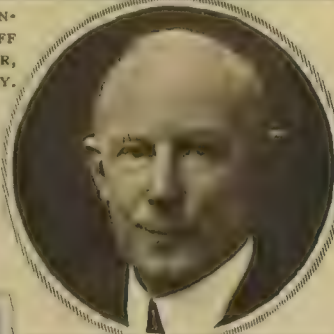
ARRESTED BY ORDER OF THE FRENCH RESIDENT-GENERAL IN TUNISIA: THE PREMIER, M. CHENIK.

On March 26 the French Resident-General in Tunisia ordered the arrest of M. Chenik, the Premier, and three other Ministers, after the Bey, Sidi-Mohammed al-Amin, had refused to dismiss the Cabinet, which, M. de Hautecloque declared, was obstructing negotiations with France for reforms. The Bey appealed to M. Auriol, who sent special envoys by air. The Bey received them on March 28 and agreed to the appointment of M. Salaheddine Baccouche as Premier. M. Schuman stated that M. Baccouche would remain in power until the mixed committee due to meet on April 24 had worked out a programme of reforms.



THE FRENCH RESIDENT-GENERAL: M. DE HAUTECLOQUE, WHO ARRESTED M. CHENIK.

GENERAL ALFRED M. GRUENTHER (LEFT), CHIEF OF STAFF TO GENERAL EISENHOWER, WITH MR. TOM CONNALLY. General Gruenther is mentioned as a possible successor to General Eisenhower should he leave S.H.A.P.E. Aged fifty-two, he was Deputy Chief of Staff to General Eisenhower in North Africa before becoming Chief of Staff to XV. Army Group, which was composed of soldiers from fifteen nations. He is a brilliant officer.



SIR ROBERT WITT.

Died on March 26, aged eighty. One of the founders, and chairman until 1945, of the National Art-Collections Fund, he worked to further the appreciation of art. He assembled a comprehensive collection of photographs of pictures and drawings for the use of students and others.



SIR ANDREW DUNCAN.

Died on March 30, aged sixty-seven. Sir Andrew Duncan was chairman of the British Iron and Steel Federation, 1935-40 and from 1945. He was M.P. (National) for the City of London, 1940-50, and was twice President of the Board of Trade; and twice Minister of Supply.



INSPECTING WORKS SUBMITTED FOR THE SUMMER EXHIBITION AT BURLINGTON HOUSE: THE ROYAL ACADEMY SELECTION COMMITTEE AT WORK ON MARCH 25.

Our photograph shows the Royal Academy Selection Committee engaged in their annual task of inspecting works submitted for the summer exhibition. (L. to r.) Mr. Humphrey Brooke (Secretary), Mr. Charles Wheeler, R.A., Mr. R. O. Dunlop, R.A., Mr. Algernon Newton, R.A., Mr. Arnold Mason, R.A., Mr. T. C. Dugdale, R.A., Sir Gerald Kelly, P.R.A., Mr. James Fitton, A.R.A., Mr. Frank Dobson, A.R.A., Mr. Charles Cundall, R.A., Mr. John Nash, R.A., Mr. Edward Bawden, A.R.A., Mr. James Woodford, R.A., and Lord Methuen, A.R.A. The R.A. banquet will not be held this year on account of court mourning.



MR. MICHAEL CODNER.

Killed by terrorists in Malaya on March 25. He was one of the P.O.W.s in Germany who escaped by means of a vaulting-horse, as described by his companion, Mr. Eric Williams, M.C., in "The Wooden Horse." He was Assistant District Officer at Tanjong Malim.



MR. ROBERT C. S. STANLEY.

To be High Commissioner for the Western Pacific; an office that was formerly held jointly with that of the Governor of Fiji. Mr. Stanley has been Chief Secretary, Northern Rhodesia, since 1947. He was Colonial Secretary, Barbados, in 1942; and Colonial Secretary, Gibraltar, 1945.



THE SWISS MOUNT EVEREST EXPEDITION: SOME OF THE SCIENTISTS AND CLIMBERS IN THE PARTY WHICH LEFT KATMANDU ON MARCH 29 FOR THE BASE CAMP.

Our group shows (l. to r.; seated) Professor A. Lombard (geologist), A. Zimmermann (botanist), André Roch (engineer), Dr. E. Wyss-Dunant (leader; physiologist and veteran mountaineer), and (l. to r.; standing) René Dittler (leader, assault party), René Aubert, R. Lambert (mountain guide), Léon Flory, J.-J. Asper, Dr. G. Chevalley and Ernst Hofstetter. Members not in the group are Mme. Lobsinger-Dellenbach (ethnologist), P. C. Bonnant and Dr. N. Rahul, the only Indian member (interpreter). Photographs illustrating the equipment of the party appear on page 587.



IN DELHI FOR THE CONFERENCE OF GOVERNORS AND RAJPRAMUKHS OF STATES: THE NIZAM OF HYDERABAD (RIGHT) WITH PRESIDENT PRASAD AND (LEFT) MR. NEHRU.

The presence of the Nizam of Hyderabad in Delhi after an interval of sixteen years for the two-day conference on March 15 and 16 of Governors and Rajpramukhs of States, including the unions of former princely States, convened by the President of India, roused much interest. He arrived by air with a suite of 100 and stayed at his Delhi Palace, which had been renovated. He was received with honour by the Government of India and sat on the left hand of President Prasad during the official conference. Our group was taken at a reception given by the Nizam in Delhi.



PROSPERO; THE "POISONOUS SLAVE" CALIBAN, AND THE AIRY SPIRIT ARIEL: SIR RALPH RICHARDSON, MR. MICHAEL HORDERN AND MISS MARGARET LEIGHTON. (L. TO R.)



"MERRILY, MERRILY SHALL I LIVE NOW": ARIEL (MARGARET LEIGHTON; LEFT FOREGROUND) SINGS AFTER PROSPERO (SIR RALPH RICHARDSON; CENTRE, STANDING) HAS RELEASED HIM.



"I MUST EAT MY DINNER. THIS ISLAND'S MINE BY SYCORAX MY MOTHER WHICH THOU TAKEST FROM ME": CALIBAN (MICHAEL HORDERN) WITH A HALF-DEVOURED FISH.

"The Tempest" is the second of this year's productions at Stratford-upon-Avon, and the first night on March 25 was also the occasion of the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre débuts of Sir Ralph Richardson and of Miss Margaret Leighton, who play Prospero and Ariel respectively. The production by Michael Benthall gained praise last year, and has been equally well received this season. Sir Ralph Richardson presents a very human Prospero, and according to one critic gives

SIR RALPH RICHARDSON'S STRATFORD DÉBUT: "THE TEMPEST," AT THE MEMORIAL THEATRE.



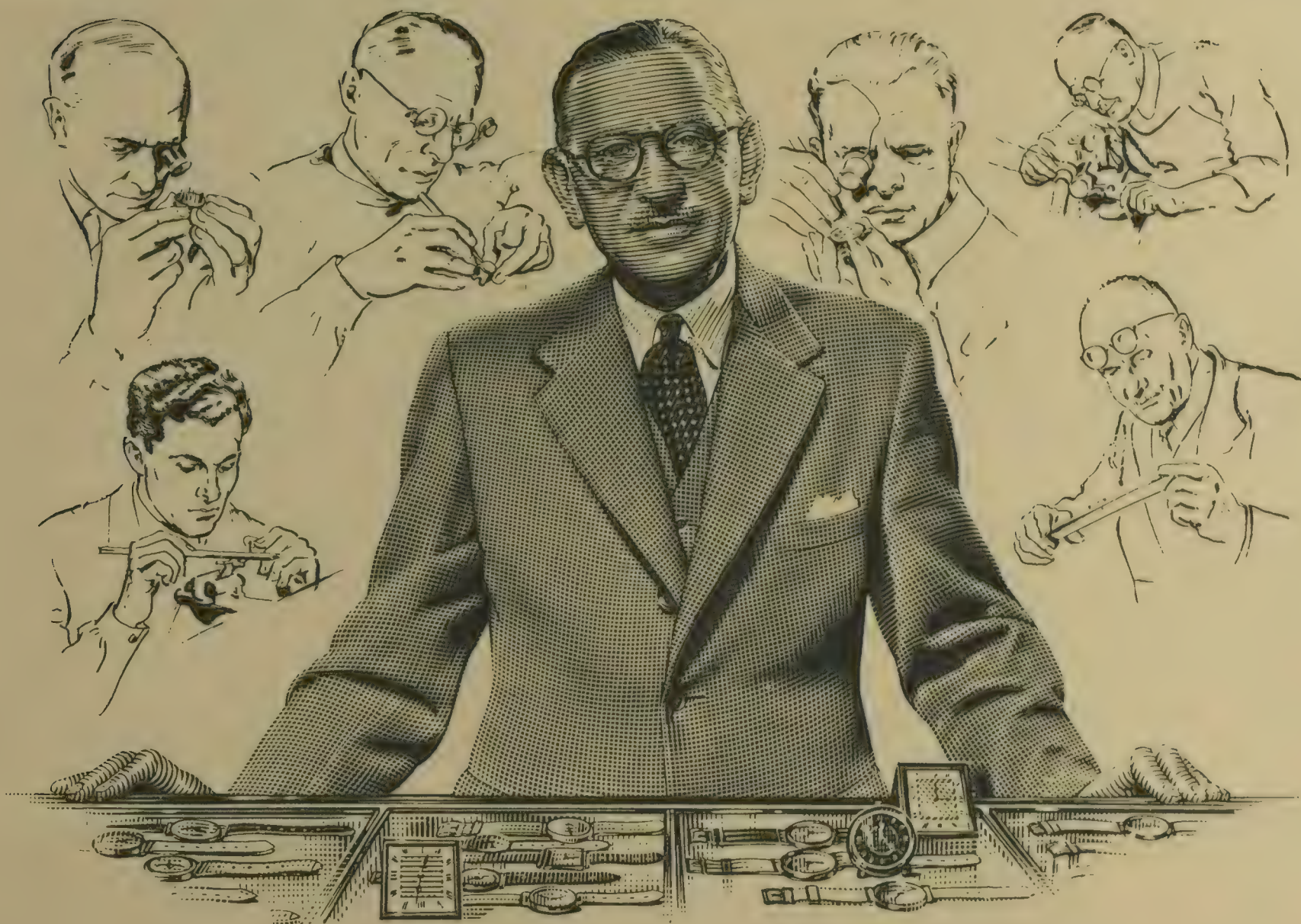
"FINE APPARITION! MY QUAIN ARIEL, HARK IN THINE EAR": PROSPERO (SIR RALPH RICHARDSON) GIVING INSTRUCTIONS TO ARIEL (MARGARET LEIGHTON).



"FAIRLY SPOKE; SIT THEN AND TALK WITH HER, SHE IS THINE OWN": PROSPERO (SIR RALPH RICHARDSON), FERDINAND (ALEXANDER DAVION) AND MIRANDA (ZENA WALKER).

the impression that he is almost as surprised as Bottom the Weaver to have attendant spirits at his beck and call; and Miss Margaret Leighton as Ariel presents an exquisitely poetic faery spirit. Mr. Michael Hordern's Caliban is the right mixture of horrid monster and human aspirant. "The Tempest," "Coriolanus," "As You Like It" and "Macbeth" are the Shakespeare plays being presented this season, and Ben Jonson's "Volpone" is also to be given.

TIME IS THE ART OF THE SWISS

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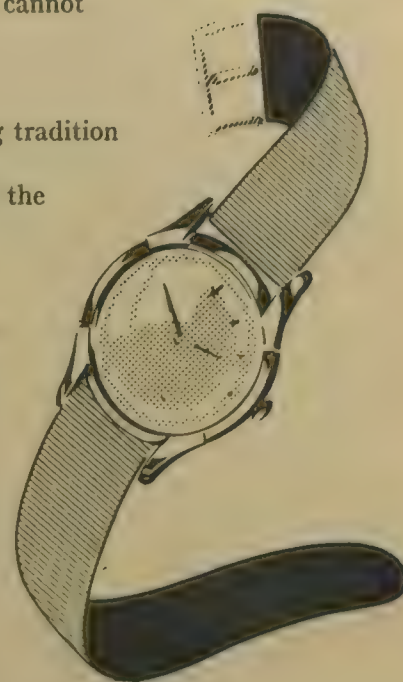
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The WATCHMAKERS



OF SWITZERLAND

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL READER.

FICTION OF THE WEEK.

THIS week we start with a distinguished novel, on a rather small scale, which might be classified in three different ways. "The Trouble at Number Seven," by Gerald Bullett (Michael Joseph; 12s. 6d.), is a "costume piece"; or, if you like, it is a novel of suspense; or yet again, it holds a mirror up to childhood.

In the opening scene, two of these aspects are developed beautifully. Trouble has not yet broken on the Pilcrows; this is a glimpse of their old life, when all was happy for the child. We see him going home with his mother from a visit to Auntie Bunce—rather a penance of a visit, to a crazed old harridan. Of course, they ought to walk, for Charlie is a big boy, going to be eight next birthday. Also, he knows that pennies are important. But the approaching clatter of the horsebus is too thrilling, and he begs for a ride. Then, in the moment of fruition, comes the prick of guilt. His mother is not cross—but is she sad about him? Is she wishing he were not greedy? And then his conflict is resolved, his world transfigured, by a squeeze of the hand. It is all right, and they are back; and she has not turned into someone else—as Charlie dreaded for an instant—on the dark stair. The Pilcrows live over the shop; Dad is a chemist, thriving in a small way. And he is in, of course—"Where should he be?" says Mrs. Pilcrow. Everything is the same, of course, and safe and ordinary.

And the years glide on, till Charlie has become eleven. Then, inconceivably, his mother dies. At first, one day without her seems an endless void, a sick eternity of loss. Yet it is still a comfortable home; he loves his Dad, and Robert Pilcrow is the kindest of little men. As Auntie Bunce has now belatedly expired, he takes poor Loo, her bondservant of a daughter, into his own house. Loo is no positive addition, for she seems extinct; but she is very peaceable and harmless. All might go well, if Robert Pilcrow could decide to be an old man. But he is just too young for that. The pastor of his little Bethel has a "ripe sister," a mournful, palpitating spinster, clutching her last chance. She can put forth a kind of ghoulous charm; even the boy, who loathes her, is aware of it, and Robert Pilcrow feels it much more. And so he spruces up and rushes to disaster. And it meets him head-on; when they come back after the honeymoon she is completely changed, a smelly, slovenly old witch. It is as though she had gone mad with spite. Robert endures her antics for a long time; then he attempts to get her certified; and then she dies, and he is charged with murder.

His trial fills nearly half the book. Court scenes are almost always good, and so are these; and yet for once, they have the least appeal. They are no more than surface, when contrasted with the theme itself: with the immediate life at Number Seven, with the aunts and uncles, and, most of all, with Charlie as a little boy, and as a lad of fourteen. Charlie is absolutely right and very winning. And there is modesty and grace all through.

"I Saw No Sun," by J. Delves-Broughton (Faber; 15s.), is "costume" out and out—full-blown historical romance. According to the jacket, "There is here all the flavour of Sir Walter Scott at his best; and, what is more . . . a heroine whom Thackeray himself might have invented." Why Thackeray, I couldn't see. But as for Scott—there is undoubtedly a certain likeness to *The Heart of Midlothian*. I should have said the flavour was entirely different, and much inferior in kind. And that is no reproach. It is a brilliant story, on its own level.

Young Richard Wyndham has arrived in Scotland to colloquy with friends of "James III." And he feels rather smug about it. In England he had wealth and ease, yet he is risking all for loyalty. But in this ruined and indignant country, his conceit of sacrifice is quickly put down. He enters Edinburgh on a day of tumult—and he meets a ghost. For Zilla Heriot is out of this world. Her youth was savagely destroyed in the '15, and that is twenty years ago—almost the whole of Richard's life. It is indeed a lesson to the young recruit, and he falls down in worship. But he does not like Balmahoy, that hero of the mob, that king of smugglers. Surely, he is too coarse a brute for Zilla? Surely they can't be lovers?

But in fact they are; Balmahoy is her only link with life. And but for her, he might have proved himself another Wallace. But fate says no; it is foretold that each will be the other's end, and so it works out.

A large, aspiring novel, with a really fine background.

"The Case of Charles Dexter Ward," by H. P. Lovecraft (Gollancz; 9s. 6d.), is a New England antiquary's nightmare. Charles has an innate passion for the past, and chiefly for his native Providence. One day he stumbles on a wizard forebear of the eighteenth century. This Curwen lived to a fantastic age, but never showed it. He had acquired strange powers, in hideous researches. After long years of horror and suspicion, he was blotted out—yet Charles has come upon the trail. There seems no harm in that, until he lays hands on the Curwen papers. Then he becomes impenetrably secret and intensely queer. Thunders of incantation and disgusting odours come from his locked door, and at the end there is a horrible mutation. He seems a different being . . . and perhaps he is. But that is nothing like the worst; he has been tampering with the abysses of hell and has imperilled the cosmos.

If you can shiver, you will do it here—so I should think, at least. And though my own responses are too feeble, I enjoyed the style.

In "The Book of the Lion," by Elizabeth Daly (Hammond; 8s. 6d.), Gamadge, that charming, civilised New Yorker, is approached in error. Avery Bradlock had a brother Paul, who was a poet and playwright, and an alcoholic, and a bad hat. Avery now supports the widow. He has been told her husband's letters may be worth a price, and asks if Gamadge will look over them. Gamadge agrees to do so. But that same evening she has found a buyer, and the correspondence has been sealed up. Clearly, there is some fraud on Avery—and something more: something to do with Paul's career in Paris and his violent end.

This story leads off well, with much suspense and atmosphere. Then it perhaps declines a little. But it is good work.

K. JOHN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

REMARKABLE PEOPLE.

I SOMETIMES wonder just how much, had I known him, I would have disliked Thomas Carlyle. A great deal, I think. He was almost everything I detest. He was a bore, a boor, a prig, and a windbag. He was what many of those who live north of the Midlands call "independent." He prided himself, like them, on "speaking his mind"—which is another way of saying that he had no manners at all. He was a Radical with strong totalitarian leanings, i.e., a modern Fascist or Communist. Few specimens of his famous conversations have survived. I do not think I would have appreciated them. They seem to have consisted in brilliant, impromptu tirades, each one lasting not a minute more than two-and-three-quarter hours. I fear I would have started to fidget before the end. Even his style is to me totally indigestible. It gives me the impression of being a combination of

listening to a thunderstorm and eating cream puffs. He was filled with self-pity. A typical entry in his journal was: "Does it seem hard to thee that thou shouldst toil in darkness, sickness, isolation? Whose lot is not even thus? Toil, then, and *lais-toi*." His excessive *tutoiement*, both of himself and of his wife, becomes distinctly irritating. No. Quite definitely I should not have appreciated the Sage of Chelsea. But his wife? Ah! this is another matter altogether. Having just read and enjoyed every one of the 547 pages of "Necessary Evil," by Lawrence and Elisabeth Hanson (Constable; 45s.), I am left in real doubt. This full, scholarly and delightful life of Jane Welsh Carlyle, Carlyle's brilliant and hardly-used wife, must leave the male reader with this fascinating question in his mind. (I do not think that a female reader, unless she were a Geraldine Jewsbury, would have had many doubts about the lady.) Would one have been one of the crowd of admirers ranging from most of the literary great of her day, through the rag-tag and bobtail collection of foreigners, of whom Mazzini was the most distinguished, to plain, straightforward waifs and strays who thronged the house in Cheyne Row, to sit at the feet of this lively, witty, kind, cruel, malicious female Gamaliel? I do not know. I have no doubt that Jane Welsh Carlyle was a bit of a blue-stocking, and I have never gone for (in the colloquial phrase) products of Gorton and Somerville in a big way. Her charm must, however, have been remarkable. It must largely have consisted in the wit and sense of the ridiculous which sparkles and flashes from her letters. For, luckily for posterity, Jane Welsh Carlyle was an indefatigable letter-writer, corresponding with her husband daily when they were separated, "fretting herself to fiddlestrings" if a reply was not immediately forthcoming, and writing to her friends equally frequently when Carlyle was with her. There is no doubt that Jane was a hypochondriac. (It would be interesting to get the views of a modern doctor or psychiatrist on the origin of her appalling headaches and other ailments.) She must have been, when roused, as when Carlyle was writing his drooling letters to Lady Harriet Baring, addressing her as "My Beneficent" or "My Queen," not a little difficult to live with. But when I go past that tall house in Cheyne Row, which is only a last-thing-at-night dog-walk from my own, I shall now speculate afresh as to what the vivid, ailing, fascinating, brilliant woman who once lived there was really like. Having read this excellent biography, I think I have a pretty good idea.

I have no doubt whatsoever about Sir Campbell Stuart, the author of "Opportunity Knocks Once" (Collins; 25s.), for I have known and liked the writer for over twenty years. Indeed, I find it difficult to approach this book with the correct critical detachment proper to a reviewer. This Canadian-Irishman made a name for himself at an incredibly early age. (I had always understood him to be the youngest knight ever created in the British Empire. I gather from this book, however, that he must disclaim that title, Lord Beaverbrook having received the honour when he was a year younger.) It is difficult to select any one of Sir Campbell's activities for comment, for he has cast his net so widely in so active and varied a life. But for those with an interest in the history of journalism the chapters on his association with Northcliffe and his purchase of *The Times* from under the nose of the late Lord Rothermere when Lord Northcliffe died must be of absorbing interest. What a remarkable ebullient period that must have been when a young Canadian could become managing director of *The Times* and a knight at thirty, and have under his wing such remarkable figures as Geoffrey Dawson and Stead! Alas, however, in the post-World War II. period there is no chance of a new Northcliffe starting from scratch or a new Campbell Stuart. The age of enterprise, and the rewards for enterprise, is gone, and we must say with Burke "that of economists, sophists and calculators has succeeded." As for Sir Campbell's fine work for Anglo-American friendship, particularly in connection with the Pilgrims, *si monumentum requiris*, go and stand in Grosvenor Square and *circumspice*. Another book of which I read every page with pleasure.

Northcliffe, naturally, figures prominently in a further volume from Mr. Bernard Falk's delightful and apparently inexhaustible treasury, "Bouquets for Fleet Street" (Hutchinson; 21s.). If you got on well with him, Northcliffe must have been a remarkable and lovable chief to work for. Mr. Falk long ago discovered the secret of writing books about Fleet Street which are as interesting to the general public as they are to journalists. This latest book is no exception. I shall long treasure the story of the Manchester reporter who was transcribing a cathedral sermon based on the Sermon on the Mount, and cut down the actual text so that his copy read: "He (Jesus) added—." I am sorry though that in his reminiscences of George Augustus Sala, that remarkable Bohemian editor of the *Daily Telegraph*, he has nowhere (as far as I know) told the best Sala story which concerns the first Lord Burnham and the "Christmas leader."

The famous quarrel between Gilbert and Sullivan is perhaps almost as celebrated as their collaboration. Mr. Leslie Baily's "The Gilbert and Sullivan Book" (Cassell; 42s.) has been so justly praised that I need not do more than recommend what must be a definitive description of the partners and of their work which has given so much pleasure in so many lands.

E. D. O'BRIEN.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

THE clumsiest, ugliest sentence I ever wrote appeared in this column about a year ago:

"The day hardly ever dawns when no chess tournament is in progress somewhere. . . ."

It has caught my eye three or four times since. Each time I have felt worse about it, and I should like to take this opportunity of apologising.

However, the statement I was endeavouring to make became truer every day. The advance of chess (as a game, not, as I remarked recently, in the problem aspect) within recent years has been prodigious. We now hear a move daily on the B.B.C.'s Home Service. This Eastertide, quite distinct from the daily round of club, league and county match play in Britain, there are special congresses at Hastings, Birmingham, Glasgow, Southsea, Bolton, Wakefield, Weston-super-Mare, Newport, Leicester, Liverpool, and Wallasey. . . .

The largest of these will draw some 250 players, the others anything from thirty upwards. Many of the players will leave wives, families and friends to go and stay in a strange town and (when not staring fixedly for hours at carved bits of wood on squared boards) argue excitedly in strange jargons far into the night.

Meanwhile, as I write, apart from small events in Portugal, Sweden, etc., the overseas scene offers the curious spectacle of two such extraordinarily strong tournaments proceeding simultaneously that practically all the world's leading players have been roped into one or the other.

To Havana have gone the best players of the U.S.A., Argentine, Yugoslavia, France, Spain, Holland and several Central American States. At Budapest are "cracks" from Hungary, the Soviet Union, Czechoslovakia, Belgium, Sweden, Rumania, Poland . . . and England.

The latter tournament is undoubtedly a little the stronger. That I select a Budapest game to give you now is determined by one thing; that each day the games played there are issued in print, in full, with comments, photographs, caricatures of the players, diagrams, and a wealth of interesting details. Nothing of the sort has arrived as yet from Havana.

Ruy Lopez.

KERES.	GELLER.	KERES.	GELLER.
White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1. P-K4	P-K4	10. R-K1	B-Kt2
2. Kt-KB3	Kt-QB3	11. QKt-Q2	Q-Q2
3. B-Kt5	P-QR3	12. Kt-B1	QR-Q1
4. B-R4	Kt-B3	13. B-Kt5	Kt-QR4
5. Castles	B-K2	14. B-B2	P×P
6. Q-K2	P-QKt4	15. P×P	Kt-B5
7. B-Kt3	Castles	16. Kt-K3	Kt×KtP
8. P-B3	P-Q4	17. Kt×P	Q-K3
9. P-Q3	R-K1	18. Kt×P!!	

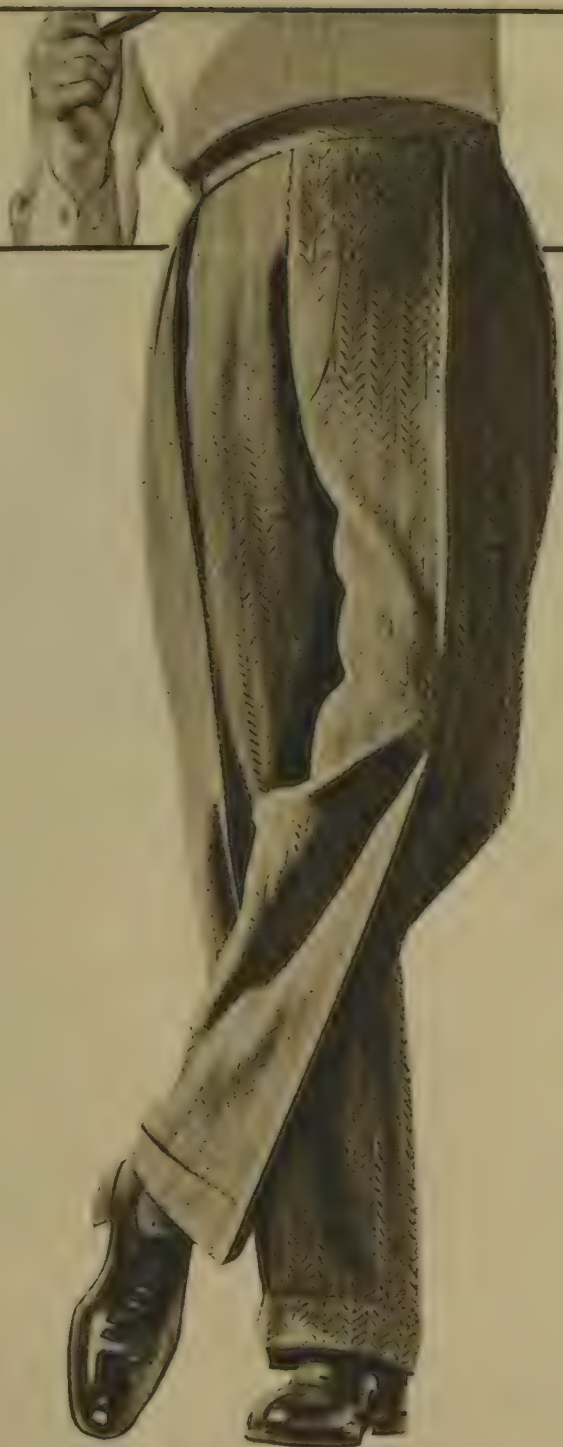
This beautiful sacrifice, coming like a bolt from the blue, is typical of Keres's style. It has won him only a pawn by the time the smoke of battle finally clears, but that is enough.

18.	Q×Kt	30. R-Q7ch	K-B1
19. B-Kt3	Kt-B5	31. R×BP	R-K4
20. Kt×Kt	P×Kt	32. R-B6	R×P
21. B×P	Kt-Q4	33. R-Kt6	B-B7
22. B×B	Q×B	34. R×P	R-QB4
23. P×Kt	Q×Q	35. R-R3	R-Q4
24. R×Q	R×R	36. P-B3	R-Q8
25. B×R	B×P	37. K-B2	R-B8
26. P-QR4!	R-Q3	38. P-R4	B-Kt3
27. R-Q1	K-B2	39. B-K4	K-K2
28. P-R5	R-K3	40. P-Kt4	P-R3
29. B-B1	B-Kt6	41. B-Q5	Resigns.

Street" (Hutchinson; 21s.). If you got on well with him, Northcliffe must have been a remarkable and lovable chief to work for. Mr. Falk long ago discovered the secret of writing books about Fleet Street which are as interesting to the general public as they are to journalists. This latest book is no exception. I shall long treasure the story of the Manchester reporter who was transcribing a cathedral sermon based on the Sermon on the Mount, and cut down the actual text so that his copy read: "He (Jesus) added—." I am sorry though that in his reminiscences of George Augustus Sala, that remarkable Bohemian editor of the *Daily Telegraph*, he has nowhere (as far as I know) told the best Sala story which concerns the first Lord Burnham and the "Christmas leader."

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E. D. O'BRIEN.



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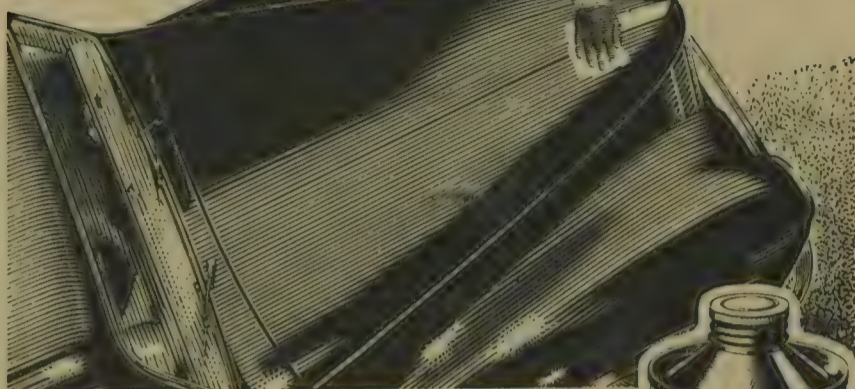
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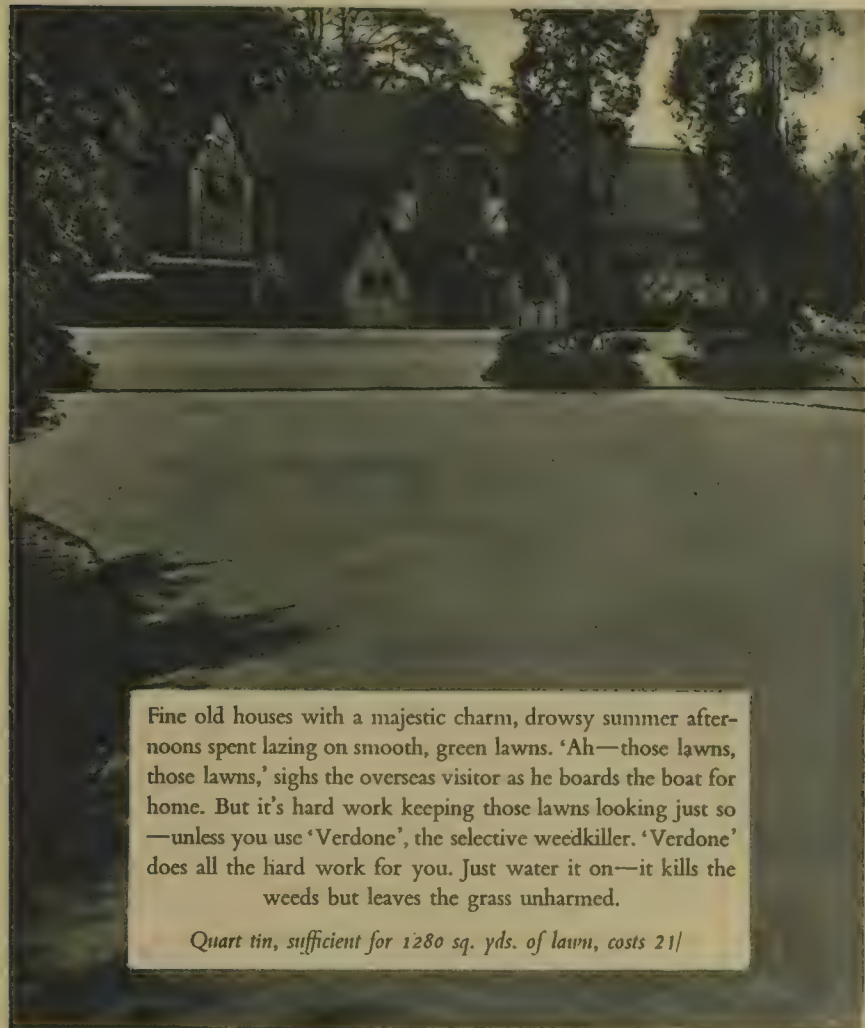
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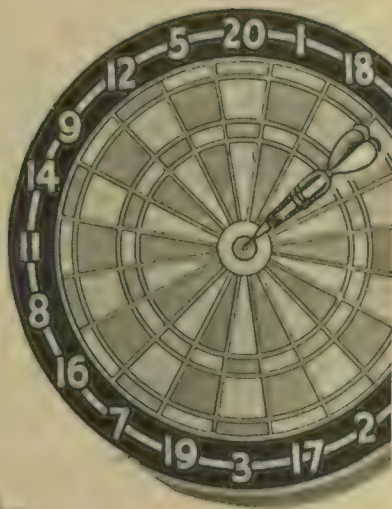


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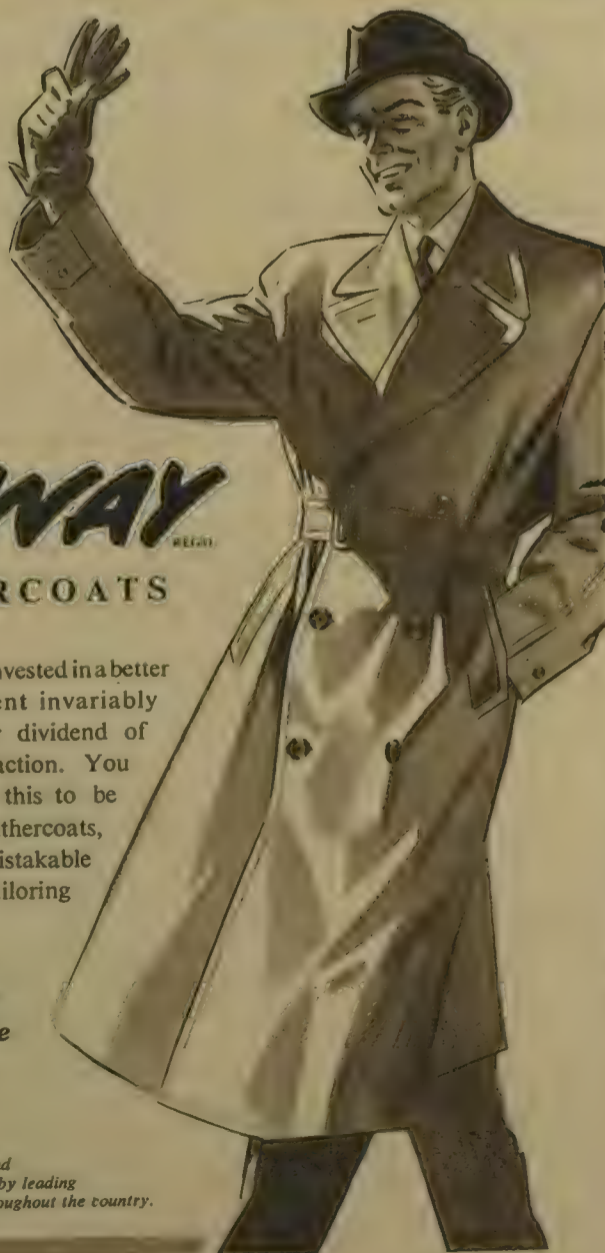
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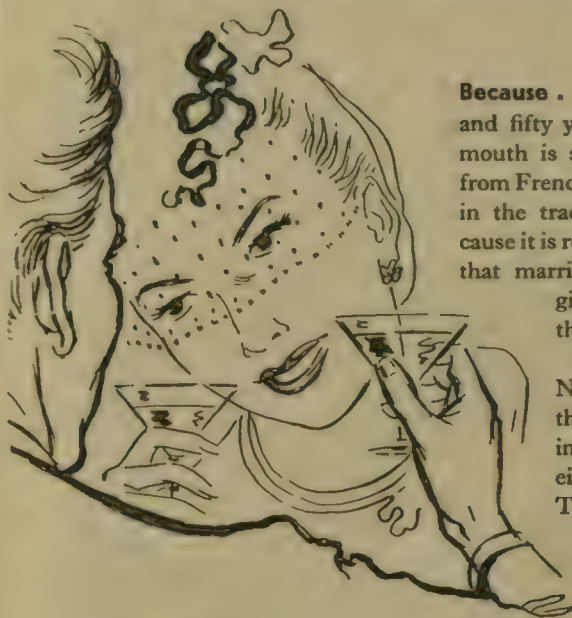
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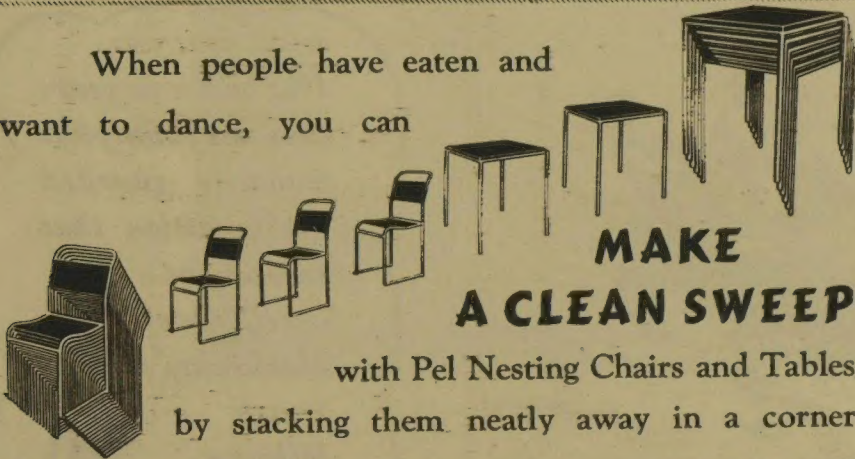
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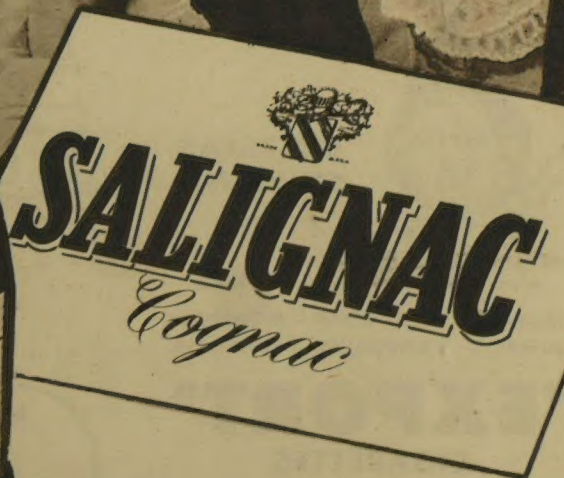
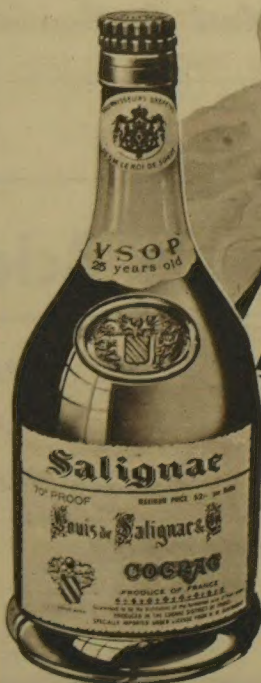
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